THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office)

Vol. CIV, No. 11 New York, March 15, 1930 Whole Number 2082

TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

TEN STATES GIVE THE FIRST DRY-WET POLL FIGURES

THE BATTLE OF THE BALLOTS is on in earnest. On this page THE DIGEST gives the initial tabulation of votes in its vast Prohibition poll.

Now is the time for all good poll fans of arithmetical proclivities, students of percentages, "drifts," and so on, to get out their pencils and begin their absorbing calculations and comparisons. But they are hereby warned that it is far too soon to draw a single conclusion. These early figures, interesting as they may be to many of our readers, are by no means to be regarded as a sure-fire indication of the poll's final result, even in these ten States.

FIRST REPORT OF THE LITERARY DIGEST PROHIBITION POLL

State	*For Enforcement*	*For Modification*	*For Repeal*	*Total*
ILLINOIS	11,201	14,680	21,175	47,056
INDIANA	6,124	4,236	3,839	14,199
IOWA	10,150	7,364	6,607	24,121
KANSAS	6,789	2,739	2,110	11,638
MINNESOTA	8,233	8,084	9,625	25,942
MISSOURI	9,026	8,432	13,101	30,559
NEBRASKA	3,047	1,990	1,664	6,701
NEW JERSEY	1,742	3,644	5,650	11,036
NEW YORK	11,534	27,547	42,228	81,309
OHIO	12,893	13,199	12,935	39,027
	80,739	91,915	118,934	291,588

They are merely the first gun in the battle of the ballots, and no one should be elated or discouraged by them. Many fluctuations, perhaps startling ones, may be expected to occur in the voting before the last gun is fired.

Even in these fragmentary returns, however, we have stirring glimpses of geographic loyalties. We see Kansas standing stoutly for strict enforcement. We see New York and New Jersey standing almost as stoutly for repeal of the Prohibition Amendment. And we see the other seven—Illinois, Indiana, Iowa Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, and Ohio—standing, for the time being, in somewhat less pronounced attitudes toward one or another of the three vital questions on THE DIGEST'S ballot:

1. Do you favor the continuance and strict enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead Law?
2. Do you favor a modification of the Volstead Law to permit light wines and beer?
3. Do you favor a repeal of the Prohibition Amendment?

Naturally, the keenest interest will be centered in the totals—80,739 for enforcement, 91,915 for modification, and 118,934 for repeal—but it would be decidedly premature for the wets to draw much encouragement from those figures, based as they are on a tally of less than 300,000 votes—a mere bagatelle to what is coming when the harvest of votes from twenty million ballots is all gathered in.

That harvest, now begun, will pile up in swelling proportions during the weeks to come. Every incoming mail brings a greater flock of votes to be sorted out by our army of tally clerks, while the outgoing waves of blank ballots are still running high.

Extraordinary public-interest meanwhile is being focused on the poll and everything connected with it. This is largely due, of course, to the dominance of Prohibition as a burning question, and it is also partly due to the operation of latter-day inventions for the spread of information and the stimulation of interest.

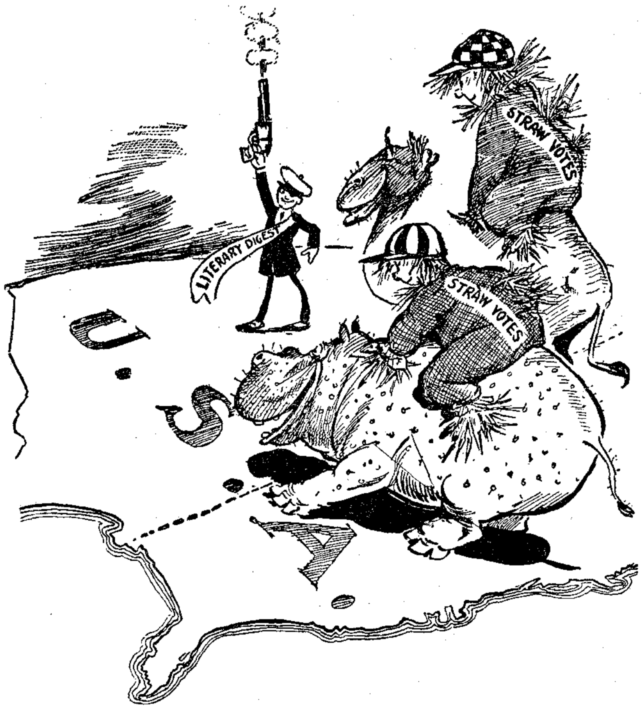
First came radio, and helped the Prohibition poll to become an intimate reality to American ears. Then came the Movietone, designing to make the poll an equally intimate reality to American eyes. Fascinating was the sight of the Fox Movietone technicians at work in THE DIGEST'S vast mailroom, making some vivid sequences of the human machinery by which our twenty million ballots were being launched all over the country at the rate of a million and more a day.

With their dazzling flood-lights, their cinema cameras, and their marvelously sensitive sound-recording apparatus, they tackled the spectacle of bright-faced girls, hundreds of them, seated by tens or dozens around narrow tables, diminishing in the perspective of a great office-loft, which happened to be one of the busiest places in America.

Blondes and brunettes, their bobbed heads bent over the tireless work of inserting ballots in envelops, their flying fingers riffling packages of envelops to get the flaps out, with a dexterity born of previous experience in the technique of DIGEST polls. Their vari-colored smocks—red, blue, Nile-green, and what not—made the effect of an animated garden in the glare of the flood-lights streaming down upon them from in front and from the aisles. Now and then a playful or fastidious face might be lifted toward the camera, but the hands never ceased to fly, for these skilled workers were strong in the pride of their craft.

In the field of radio, as every fan knows, the Prohibition poll has been expounded in the East and Middle West by Floyd Gibbons, war correspondent and novelist, and in the Far West by John Barry, author, lecturer, and columnist, broadcasting in San Francisco. Both of these capable heralds of current history operate under the auspices of the National Broadcasting Company, and both confess that they have been having a grand time talking about the Prohibition poll.

Mr. Gibbons, whose "head-line hunting" talk from WJZ begins each evening at 6:45, draws a wealth of fan mail on the poll, and a barrage of telephone calls following each broadcast. Some of these come-backs are so entertaining that Mr. Gibbons tells the world about them on the following evening. There was



THE RACE IS ON!
—Bronstrup in the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

the man who got a ballot, but his wife got none, and they didn't agree on Prohibition, and each wanted to vote that precious ballot, and—what on earth was to be done? To which Mr. Gibbons could only reply that they'd better fight it out between them, and whichever got possession of the ballot could mark it and mail it to THE DIGEST—a decision almost worthy of Solomon.

Similar problems are propounded in numerous letters to THE DIGEST, and we are simply bombarded with requests for ballots in quantity for families or groups. All such requests are consistently ignored, as THE DIGEST permits no variation in its individual mailing system of distributing ballots, a system which has made the phrase "LITERARY DIGEST Poll" synonymous with astonishing prophetic accuracy.

Apropos of which the Omaha *World-Herald* pays us a rare and delightful compliment. It commences an editorial on the Prohibition poll with a reference to the proposed repeal referendum in Rhode Island, and goes on to suggest that "Rhode Island might better save the money the referendum will cost and let the LITERARY DIGEST poll speak for the voters, and do it at the expense of the publishers rather than the taxpayers."

Here the adjective "uncanny," much used to describe the accuracy of DIGEST polls, is trotted out, and the editor goes on to speak of our polls as being "conducted about as thoroughly, as honestly, and as accurately as a general election, and much more so than, for example, a Pennsylvania election. Time after time, in our optimistic, never-say-die democratic fashion, we have pooh-poohed these DIGEST polls," continues the Omaha editor cheerfully. "Especially in the last Presidential election, when the poll showed Texas going Republican, we branded it for the ridiculous fraud it was, got up just to discourage us Democrats into voting for Hoover. And then Texas up and went Republican! And so did Virginia, and North Carolina, and Florida, to the consternation of many and the surprize of all except those who had confidence in THE LITERARY DIGEST, which had forecasted it."

Turning to our Prohibition poll, *The World-Herald* estimates from past experience that the returns "will come within 5 per cent. of indicating what the people would say if they were voting in an election." And 95 per cent. accuracy should be accuracy enough, concludes the Nebraska sage, with the somewhat dry postscript, "Especially since, however we vote, and however we feel about it, we shall be living under Prohibition for a long while longer."

We are assured by the New Haven *Register* that THE DIGEST "has been serving the people of the United States in this unique way so long and so well" that the public has come to rely on our polls "almost as completely as upon authorized elections. As a matter of fact, many believe that the counting and tabulating are fairer than is the case in some actual elections."

Unlike the Omaha paper, *The Register* sees great capacity for good in THE DIGEST'S Prohibition poll, saying: "It should carry tremendous weight in Washington and serve to strengthen the backbones of Congressmen and Senators in the fight that is moving surely and certainly toward a final struggle. It will end the suspense as to the exact attitude of the people on this question, and should eliminate the demands for referenda that are constantly being voiced by those who seem to think that such action should be taken by the States themselves or by the Federal Government. In a word, it is the thing the people have been looking for, but have not known how to secure."

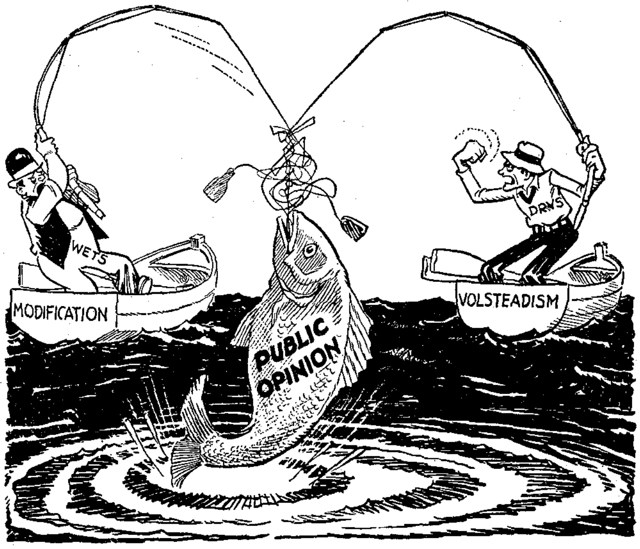
From the dry South comes the Nashville *Banner's* dry remark that "the wets have claimed and are claiming constant and not immaterial accessions to their ranks, but it must be said that any such increases in their strength have not been shown in either House of Congress, or, except in isolated instances, in State legislative bodies. THE DIGEST'S sifting of public sentiment should go far to determine whether the pretensions of the wets are nothing more or less than sound and fury."

The laconic Chic Sale laments, in the Washington *Daily News*, that "It's gettin' so in this country that national elections are held fer the sole and only purpose of provin' a LITERARY DIGEST straw vote was right. Take the last three Presidential elections. Out went the editor. He took a straw vote. Candidates didn't have to wait fer election day to learn if they was successful statesmen or jest defeated politicians. The editor told them ahead of time, and along comes the official votin' jest as a sort of approval.

"Now the editor is takin' a straw vote on Prohibition. A subject that needs no introduction. He's got Floyd Gibbons broadcasting every night.

"Gibbons is good, even if he ain't as funny as Amos 'n' Andy or as musical as Rudy Vallee, but I think a straw vote on Prohibition is wasted motion. They could sit down and figger out the number that was in favor of it before it started. Then they could figger the number that was against it.

"They could take these figgers and look at them and say, well, generally speakin', those that was for it are against it now and those that was against it are for it now, so there you are."



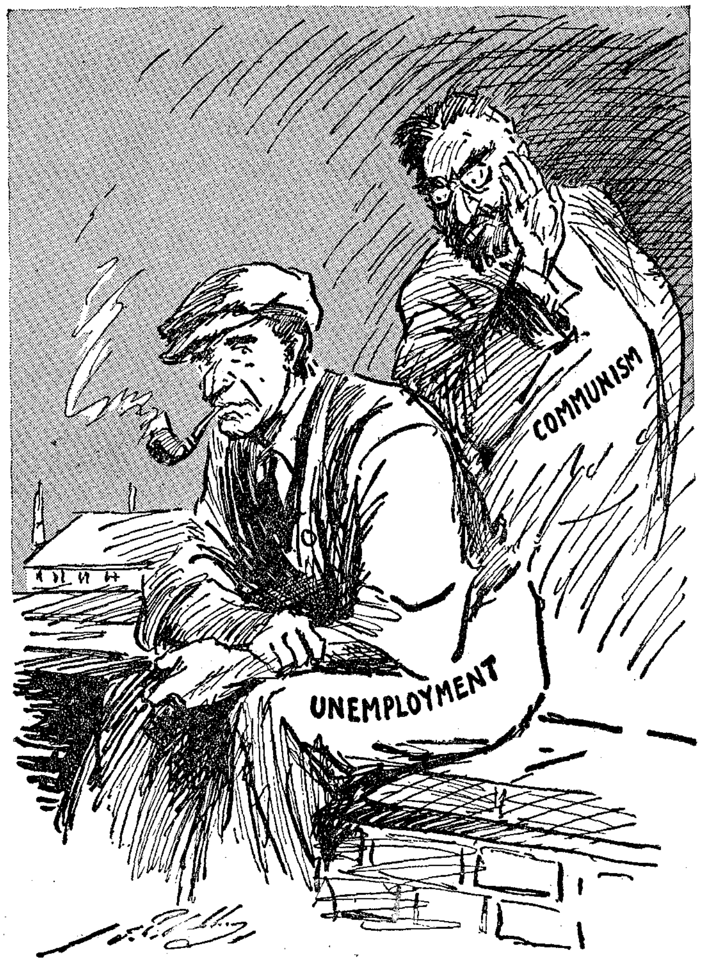
BOTH: "I tell you it's mine!"
—Jerry Doyle in the Philadelphia *Record*.

RED MISCHIEF FOR IDLE HANDS

IT'S THE IDLE HANDS that get into mischief.

There would be no "Red" unemployment parades and demonstrations if many thousands of men were not out of work, it seems to be admitted on every hand.

"Wherever so-called Communism is active in fomenting hostile action by ordinarily peaceful men, it will be found," the New York *Journal of Commerce* is convinced, "that special causes of economic disaffection exist, which call for remedies that police clubs can not supply." "The Communist demonstrations in so many of our cities are not dangerous," declares the Washington *News*, "the unemployment situation behind the demonstrations is dangerous."



WHEN THE DEVIL HAS PLENTY TO DO
—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal.*

"Unemployment is not to be cured or ended by denying that it exists," either, asserts the Providence *News Tribune.* "Unemployment is general and tragic," reports Norman Thomas, late Socialist candidate for the Presidency and for the Mayoralty of New York, and he suspects some of the daily newspapers "of deliberately exciting the populace about Prohibition so that they will forget unemployment." "Of one thing we are certain," insists *The Nation*—

> "With the authenticated New York figures for January showing a 2 per cent. drop in employment from December, and actually standing at the lowest point in their fifteen years' history, except for three months in 1921, with relief societies showing an 80 per cent. increase over last year in families in distress because of unemployment, with Philadelphia clergymen urging householders to have spring work done now in order to help relieve the great numbers of the unemployed, with unemployed men rioting in Philadelphia and Cleveland, with a political revolution, due to acute industrial distress, effected in ex-President Coolidge's own Congressional district, and, more significant in its sober reality than all the other indications put together, with the economists of the country now day in and day out seriously discussing a permanent problem of 'technological unemployment' involving literally millions of men—with all this staring us in the face we know that we confront a situation not adequately to be met by 'optimistic ballyhoo.'"

Communist papers have estimated a total of 17,000,000 persons unemployed throughout the world, of whom 6,000,000 are Americans. But the estimate accepted by the Secretary of Labor is 3,000,000 out of work in this country. The American Federation of Labor has issued a bulletin stating that, tho pessimism "is giving way to optimism" and production is now increasing, nevertheless, "recovery is not yet general." Building workers are reported to be the worst affected. According to this statement:

> "In February 43 per cent. were out of work, or more than two of every five building tradesmen.
>
> "This was a large increase from January, when 38 per cent. were out.
>
> "In metal trades, 18 per cent. were unemployed, as compared with 15 per cent. in January, due to lay-offs in railroad repair-shops, foundries, machine-shops, and structural iron-work. Unemployment in the metal trades has only once before been as high as this, in January, 1928.
>
> "Unemployment in February reached an extraordinarily high point.
>
> "We all remember the wide-spread suffering from unemployment in the first three months of 1928, caused by machine-displacement and a slight business recession. The situation this year is far worse.
>
> "There is no immediate help for the unemployed except through charity.
>
> "March usually brings some improvement in employment, but seasonal recovery is not fully under way until April."

The cheerful side appears in the fact that after the 1929 depression, as compared with that of 1924, fewer men were laid off and earnings were better maintained. "Better maintenance of wage-earner buying-power is bound to have a direct effect in hastening recovery from depression," we hear from the Federation.

"There is distressing unemployment," admits Secretary of Labor Davis. But, while unemployment grew worse in mid-February, he insists that "the situation to-day is greatly improved over the low points of last December." He would estimate that 43,000,000 of our 46,000,000 wage-earners are certainly at work. He believes that the Hoover construction program is having its effect, and he concludes: "Push the building program, pass the tariff bill, and our workers will find employment."

President Hoover is quoted in Washington dispatches as being hopeful that the unemployment situation will be greatly remedied in the next sixty days, and that the machinery already in motion will bring the desired relief. While the President would by no means minimize present conditions, he has pointed out that they are not as bad as in 1921, when five millions were estimated to be out of work.

"Employment obviously is not as good as Labor leaders, employers, and statisticians would like to have it seem, but they have ceased to 'view this with alarm,'" writes J. C. Royle in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Washington. He credits Labor leaders at the capital with anticipating "a gradual increase during the next month with a real resumption of activity beginning April 1."

"As business picks up with the change of seasons, an improvement may be expected," agrees the Washington *Post*, which adds:

> "With the coming of warm weather the full force of the prosperity-sustaining program adopted by the nation's industrial leaders will begin to be felt.
>
> "While unemployment at the present time is a matter for general concern, it would seem that the darkest hour has passed."

"No one has ever been able to solve this problem of chronic

International Newsreel photograph

POLICE DISPERSING REDS IN FRONT OF NEW YORK'S CITY HALL

unemployment," declares the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. Commenting from a slightly different angle, the Providence *News-Tribune* remarks:

> "Mr. Hoover may be pondering on some theory for getting rid of unemployment permanently; what the unemployed are pondering is the grim problem of to-day's food, to-night's rest, and to-morrow's health."

Senator Brookhart has introduced a bill in Congress calling for the appropriation of $50,000,000 for temporary relief for the unemployed. The Philadelphia *Record* speaks for many papers in calling this "neither an answer to the unemployment situation nor an adequate alleviation of its harm." The Washington *Post* voices another widely express thought when it says: "Now is the time for the Administration to push its public-works program." The Philadelphia *Inquirer* is one of many large-city dailies to feel that "railroads, bridges, buildings, highways, sewers, water supply, electric-power lines, subways, and many other enterprises should soon be under way."

Looking to permanent forms of unemployment relief, the Miami *Herald* reasons that:

> "Unemployment and old-age insurance is a need of an industrial civilization where men depend upon others for their income. Such a plan must be eventually worked out, either through private or governmental agencies, and be required of every employer and employee.
>
> "The machine and increased production are reducing the demand for workers. This is a real fact that must be met through shorter days and weeks and greater leisure, while new avenues of employment are sought."

After all, "the question is not what can be done now to create immediate employment, reflects the New York *Telegram;* "the question is what can be done to prevent the recurrence of such an emergency." Here, it thinks, "Congress can help by pushing through the Wagner bill." As the New York *World* reminds us—and as Senator Wagner has recently been reminding his colleagues in vigorous language on the floor of the Senate—the junior Senator from New York "introduced a set of bills nearly two years ago providing for better employment statistics, for the voluntary co-operation of the Federal Government and the States in maintaining clearing-houses of jobs and of workers in search of jobs, and for long-range planning of public works timed to meet the slackening of industrial activity."

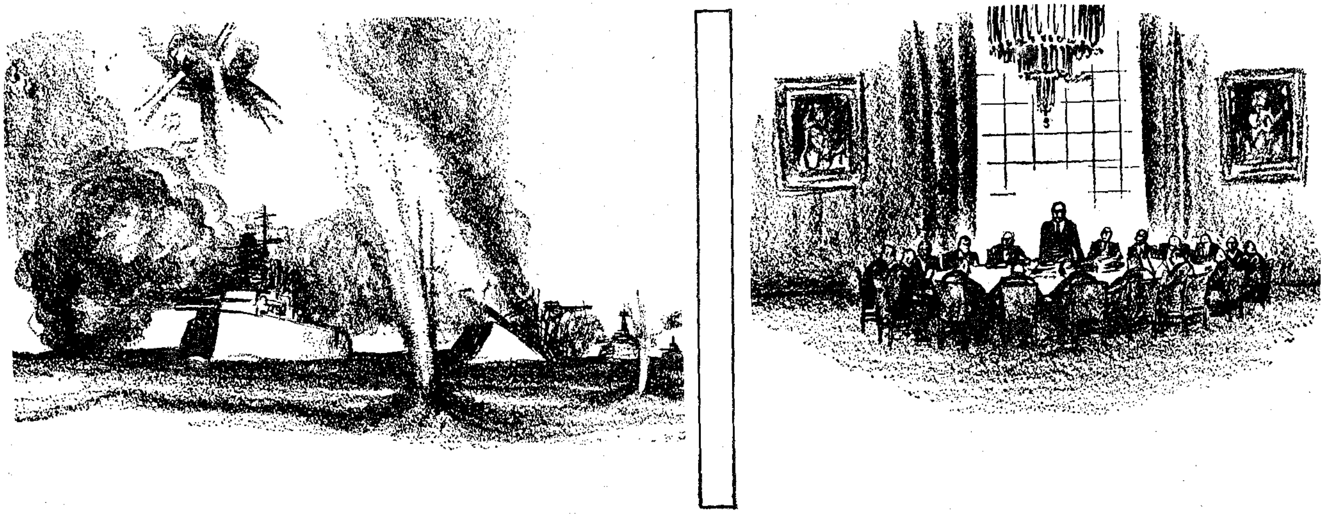
To return to the "Red" side of the unemployment situation, it may be recalled that the first excitement came when it was learned that Communist propaganda was at work among the high-school students in the city of Washington. Then came the Communist-led riots and demonstrations late in February in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Seattle, Boston, Milwaukee, Portland, Oregon; Wilmington, Delaware, and other cities. A Chicago press dispatch carried the story that a general uprising of radicals had been called for February 26, and then postponed to March 6, presumably by the Soviet Third International, and that the work was being handled by a group of leaders under William Z. Foster, with $1,250,000 of foreign money to spend. The Department of Justice promptly announced that it had no evidence of any such Moscow-inspired rising, but Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor and Acting President of the National Civic Federation calls attention to a manifesto published in our Communist papers, calling for "huge, militant demonstrations in every city of the United States, not simply demonstrations or protests, but organized militant demonstrations of all workers to fight for work or wages for immediate relief." Then came the demonstrations in many cities of the world on the sixth, preceded by another Communist manifesto ending with the words "don't starve—fight!"

The chief worry that many of our papers seem to feel over these demonstrations is that the police may overdo repressive measures. "You can not frustrate Communism, you can not mollify sincere resentment, by making Cossacks of your police," advises the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, for instance.

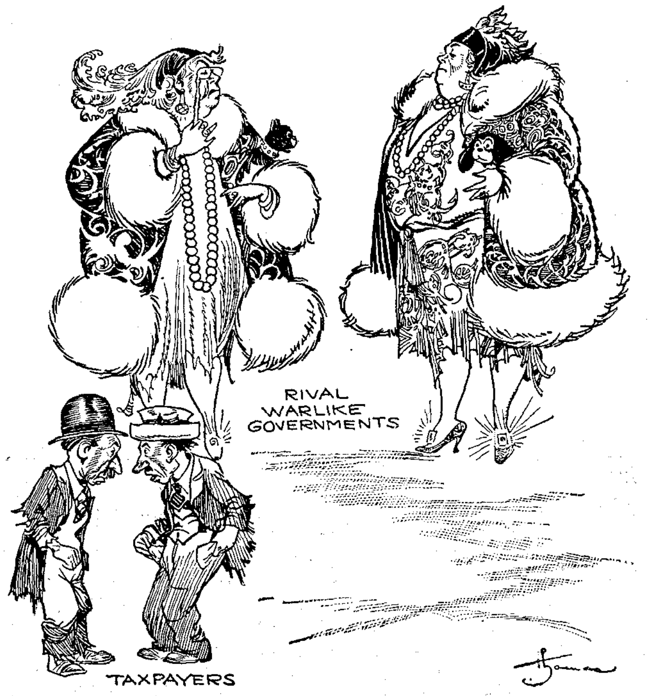
But other papers feel that the demonstrations should be taken seriously. We need not fear that Communism will take much hold here, but, says the Atlanta *Constitution*, "that is no reason why it should not be handled promptly and firmly whenever its ugly head arises from the depths in which it lurks."

Acme Newspicture

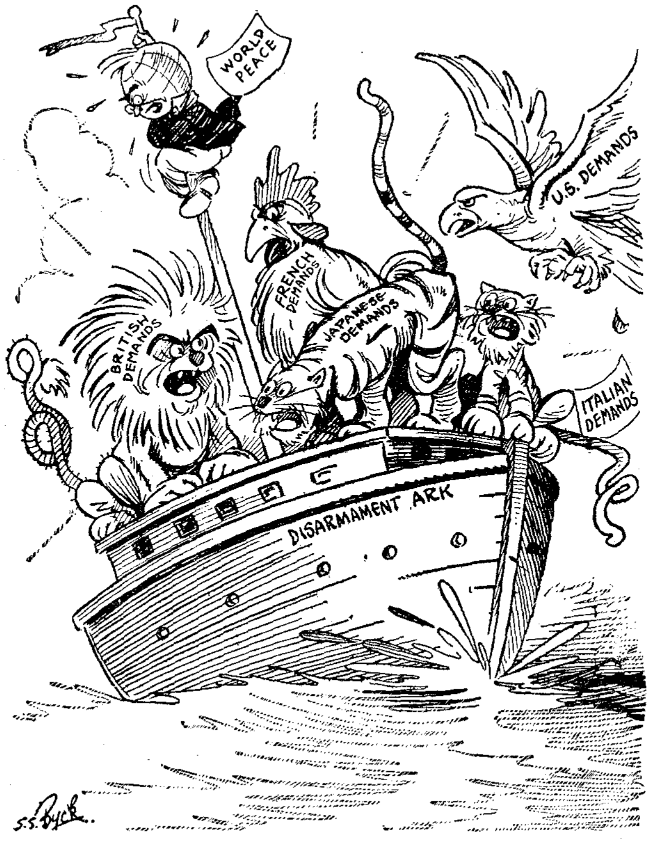
CHICAGO REDS JAILED AFTER AN UNEMPLOYMENT RIOT



THE OLD AND NEW WAYS OF DEBATING NAVAL POWER
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*


RIVAL WARLIKE GOVERNMENTS
TAXPAYERS

ABOUT TIME THE HUSBANDS GOT TOGETHER
—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*


WORLD PEACE
U.S. DEMANDS
FRENCH DEMANDS
JAPANESE DEMANDS
BRITISH DEMANDS
ITALIAN DEMANDS
DISARMAMENT ARK
S.S. Byck.

POOR NOAH!
—Byck in the Brooklyn *Times.*

CARTOON SHOTS AT THE NAVAL CONFAB

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 5.

1. Who is the prize beauty of Europe? (p. 25) [illegible]
2. What caused the recent Dominican revolt? (p. 17).
3. How do crocodiles break turtle shells? (p. 42).
4. Who is illuminating Dark Hollow? (p. 26).
5. How can education employ the talkies? (p. 32).
6. Who is trying to save the wheat farmer? (p. 18).
7. What throne is chronically "in peril"? (p. 52).
8. What is the commonest cause of eye-strain? (p. 34).
9. What does Shaw's "Apple Cart" do to the United States Constitution? (p. 23).
10. Why does Haiti fear a revolution in April? (p. 17).
11. How many Spanish soldiers did the Riffs kill? (p. 52).
12. Where is smallpox epidemic to-day? (p. 36).
13. Whom did Pershing call our "greatest soldier"? (p. 56).
14. What is whale-oil worth to-day? (p. 36).
15. What country now claims Shakespeare? (p. 24).
16. Into how many tongues has the Bible been translated? (p. 29).
17. What is the recent trend in living costs? (p. 16).
18. What infant king was given a poison bottle? (p. 56).
19. What is the *cinq-et-dix?* (p. 62).
20. How is the Community Church settling its disputes? (p. 30).

THE DIP IN LIVING COSTS

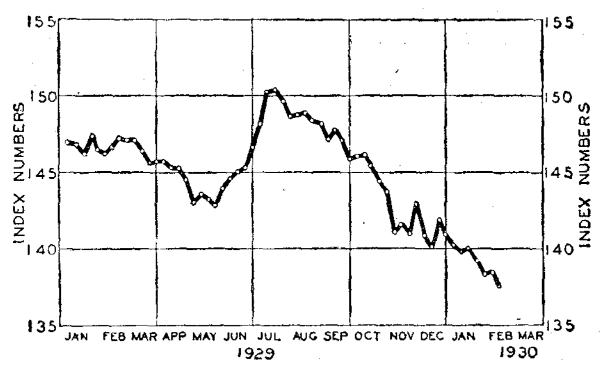
PORK CHOPS MAY BE NO CHEAPER, but many other foods seem to be on the toboggan.

Such is the cheering news for the consumer supplied by the Department of Labor.

On the basis of its latest figures from fifty-one cities, the Department says the average retail prices of foods dropt 1½ per cent. from December 15, 1929, to January 15, 1930. Despite the drop for that month, however, retail prices were about one-half of 1 per cent. higher than a year ago.

Washington dispatches also tell us that wholesale prices in January touched the lowest level since April, 1922.

On the basis of these figures predictions are made that the cost of living will be somewhat less in 1930. "The present outlook," says *The Business Conditions Weekly*, of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, "is that the total cost of living will show a moderate reduction during 1930."



From *The Annalist* (New York)

THE DOWNWARD TREND OF PRICES

The figures on which this graph is based include the wholesale prices of farm products, food, textiles, fuels, metals, building materials, and chemicals. The price index for 1913 is taken as 100.

A Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* gives details of the changes in retail prices for the month ended January 15:

> "Thirteen foods were selling at lower retail prices, and seventeen showed increases. Strictly fresh eggs showed the greatest drop of 12 per cent., and other decreases follow:
>
> "Butter, 9 per cent.; coffee, 5 per cent.; navy beans, 3 per cent.; lard, 2 per cent.; canned red salmon, fresh milk, oleomargarin, cheese, pork and beans, and canned corn, 1 per cent.; and sliced bacon and bananas, less than five-tenths of 1 per cent.
>
> "Increases were: cabbage, 16 per cent.; oranges, 8 per cent.; leg of lamb, 4 per cent.; pork chops and potatoes, 3 per cent.; hens and onions, 2 per cent.; rib roast, chuck roast, plate beef, canned tomatoes, and prunes, 1 per cent.; and sirloin steak, round steak, sliced ham, vegetable lard substitute, and tea, less than five-tenths of 1 per cent."

Of the recession in wholesale prices that continued during January, another dispatch to *The Times* tells us:

> "The Bureau of Labor Statistics' 1926 index of 100 in wholesale prices stood at 93.4 for January, a decrease of slightly more than three-fourths of 1 per cent., as compared with 94.2 for December.
>
> "'This is the lowest level reached since April, 1922,' the statement said, 'when the index number was 93.2.'
>
> "Compared with January, 1929, with an index of 97.2, a decrease of nearly 4 per cent. is shown. Based on these figures, the Bureau said, the purchasing power of the dollar in January, 1929, was 102.9; December, 1929, 106.2, and January, 1930, 107.1, compared with 100 for 1926.
>
> "Farm products as a whole decreased nearly 1 per cent., pronounced increases in all live-stock and poultry prices being more than offset by the decided decreases in grains, cotton, eggs, lemons, oranges, and wool, the Bureau said."

"The almost universal decline in the prices of raw materials since the middle of July has been an economic development of utmost importance," writes Merryle Stanley Rukeyser in the New York *American*. "Those who take a cheerful view concerning the general business outlook," he adds, "are hopeful that there will be recoveries before farmers are ready to market new crops. The business significance of continued low-commodity prices is a decline in the purchasing power of vast segments of the world's population." "To some extent," Mr. Rukeyser goes on, "the decline in commodity prices is an effect of business depression that has already taken place." But the price decline "is not a very serious one," says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, and "a fluctuation of more than equal amount has not been uncommon in recent years."

ALFONSO FEELS THE STORM

A TALL, TANNED, ACTIVE MAN, over in Europe, is *anxiously watching the developments that may cost him his job as King of Spain.*

But Alfonso has faced many crises before, and Madrid observers seem sure that, altho the throne is "in peril," the adroit monarch will find a way to calm the agitation for a republic and keep his crown. So long as the Army remains loyal, the dispatches say, *nothing can happen to him.*

"Death to the King! Long live the republic!" The cry was raised in Madrid, in Barcelona, in other cities where the police crusht demonstrations by Republicans. The Government of Premier and Gen. D'Amaso Berenguer, who succeeded the dictator, Primo de Rivera, *is said to attribute the riotous outbreaks* to a speech made by former Premier José Sanchez Guerra, leader of Spain's largest political party, the Left Wing Conservatives.

"While Sanchez Guerra by no *means came out flatfootedly for a* republic," says a Madrid dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, "he gave the dictatorship of General Berenguer to understand that the might of his political influence was against the present régime. He indicated that altho he was not a Republican, he recognized the right of the country to declare a republic if it wished. Accordingly he reaffirmed his profession of faith as a constitutional monarchist and parliamentarian." Continuing:

> "He declared that de Rivera's successor immediately *must convoke a free and constitutional* Parliament which would ascertain the will of the nation, but said it grieved him to see Republican propaganda carried on when it was more important first to get a legitimate constitutional assembly.
>
> "Then he asserted:
>
> "'I am not a Republican, but I have lost confidence in this monarchy, and I recognize the right the nation has to establish a republic if that is its will.'
>
> "These words were received with loud applause. He stated that the dictatorship was not sanguinary, but cruel, and added that King Alfonso was responsible for dictatorships, past and present. The speech concluded with a quotation from one of Spain's classical poets, referring to the impossibility of serving men who have become worms, and it was clear that it was the royal personage to whom he referred as having become a worm."

As a result of the republican agitation, the country on March 1 returned to virtually the same form of government as the dictatorship of de Rivera, we are told by the Associated Press. The Government "has gone back to the rigid censorship and restraint of free assembly and public expression that characterized the régime of Primo de Rivera," and "in addition to tightening up the screws on the domestic press, has ordered a closer watch kept on outgoing foreign dispatches."

"Apparently there is no desire to cause disturbances at present," said a Madrid dispatch to the New York *Times* on March 5, "but the Government is keeping the streets of the principal cities heavily policed."

A majority of American papers seem to think that Alfonso will survive the storm.

"It is not altogether safe to count him out yet," says the Nashville *Banner*, "for he has known parlous times frequently in the past and has never failed to find ways and means of keeping himself the figurehead of his government."

An interesting "Personal Glimpses" article on King Alfonso will be found on page 52.

WAR THREATS IN HAITI

REVOLUTION WILL ENGULF HAITI on April 14 unless the United States prevents an election by the Council of State.

At least, that flat warning was served on President Hoover's Commission soon after it buckled down to the task of ascertaining how and when we are to withdraw our marines from Haiti. Said one opposition leader:

"If the election of a President is made by the Council of State, American machine-guns again would have to be used, and the streets of Haiti would run red with blood."

The dispatches from Port-au-Prince also tell us that another leader opposed to President Luis Borno and the Council of State, which Borno is said to dominate, warned the commission that 10,000 young Haitians were ready to revolt against a continuance of the Borno régime. In addition to these warnings, W. Cameron Forbes, chairman of the commission, and his associates heard witness after witness make charges of American unfairness to Haiti, and accusations that Brig.-Gen. John H. Russell was virtually dictator of the island republic, and that President Borno was holding office illegally. Two of the leaders who testified, Antoine Rigal and Seymour Pradel, are said to represent organizations with a total membership of 500,000.

The first concrete plan to be prepared for the commission on how to relieve Haiti's troubles was outlined by George N. Leger, a native lawyer. Leger admitted that much material good, in the shape of road building, sanitation and organization, has come from the marines' occupation, the dispatches tell us, "but he insisted that the price paid for this material progress was beyond its value." He termed the choice of General Russell as American High Commissioner "most unfortunate." Then he declared:

"We are fed up with experts. Haitians want assistance, not domination."

The plan proposed by Leger contains seven specific suggestions. It is outlined by Harold Denny, correspondent of the New York *Times*, as follows:

"First, the creation of a provisional government to take over the reins at the end of the present administration. This is the only alternative, because there is now no time to hold elections for Senators and Deputies throughout the country before April 14.

"Second, the creation under this provisional government as soon as possible of a regular administration based on the election of the Legislature by the people, which in turn would elect the President.

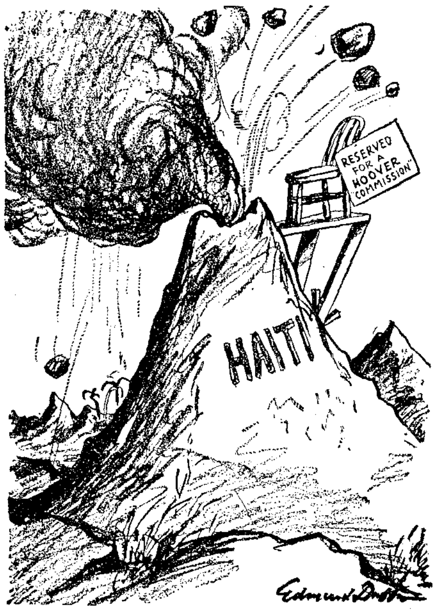
"Third, the abolition of the office of American High Commissioner and the restoration of the usual diplomatic representation by means of a United States Minister.

"Fourth, the immediate withdrawal of the marines, leaving the policing of the country to the gendarmerie, which, however, should remain under an American commander and have a skeleton command of American officers until the Haitians are trained to run it completely themselves.

"Fifth, the abolition of the office of American Financial Adviser, but retention of the Receiver-General, who, however, should so conduct the office as to train the Haitians eventually to take over his functions.

"Sixth, the continuation of American assistance in the sanitary service, which all Haitians agree is admirable.

"Seventh, the abolition of all other American activities, some of which, it is held, are useless, and others which can be performed as well by Haitians."


RESERVED FOR A HOOVER COMMISSION
HAITI
Edmund Duffy

BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun*.

THE DOMINICAN UPSET

SIX DAYS OF VIRTUALLY bloodless revolution gives the Dominican Republic a new President.

The white-haired soldier-President, Horacio Vasquez, old, tired, and ill, "yields to the demands of his doctors and opponents," and into his place steps the fiery Gen. Rafael Estrella Urena, clean-cut young lawyer, who will hold office at least until the elections on May 15.

"In the entire revolution only one casualty is reported to have occurred, and that is not official," says the Associated Press.

Thus ends a crisis which riveted all eyes at Washington and caused a nervous stir in the world press. With it passes the question of American intervention, which, as was pointed out in our last issue, many editors were saying would have to be answered soon. The Presidential ouster, we read, was accomplished, finally, in accordance with the republic's Constitution.

Not until the peasant Army had entered Santo Domingo, the capital, and surrounded his mansion did Vasquez consent to give up his office, the United Press tells us. And even then there was some doubt if he would comply. But, "when his physicians told him he might die in a week if he prolonged the tension, and that serious clashes might break out between the revolutionary forces and the loyal Army troops still holding the city fortress," the President, "who recently flew to Baltimore for a major operation," agreed to leave the country for his health.

A chronological review of the uprising as gleaned from the press dispatches follows:

Eight thousand peasant rebels take up arms to oust Vasquez, who "violated a pledge not to run for another term," and to insure fair elections.

British Government notifies Washington it is sending sloop-of-war to Santo Domingo to take off Legation staff in event of serious disorders.

Charles B. Curtis, American Minister to the Dominican Republic, and Charles A. Page, secretary of the legation, go into field to urge revolutionaries to avoid fighting.

Santo Domingo, except for one fort, falls to the rebels.

Rival leaders, at meeting in American legation, conclude agreement along constitutional lines, ending uprising on the day the Hoover commission arrives on the other side of the island to investigate Haitian conditions.

Estrella Urena takes over functions of President on March 3.

In an interview granted a correspondent of the United Press just before his victory, Estrella Urena outlined his aims thus:

"My exclusive purpose is to give the Dominican people opportunity for a free and fair election protected by a strictly democratic electoral law. Since 1924, when Vasquez was elected President, he and his party made an electoral law which did not protect public rights, and which gradually blocked the road to an election."

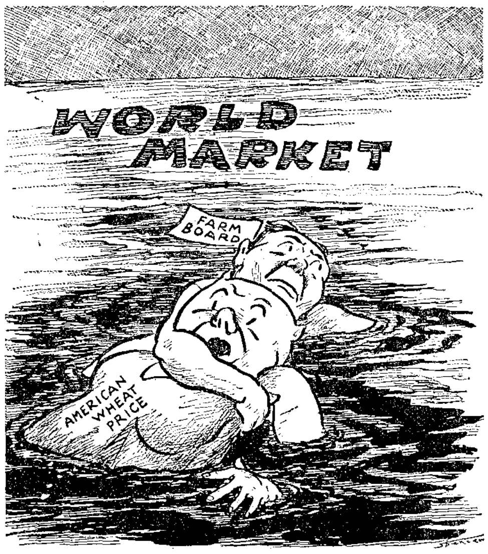
American editors are relieved by the peaceful termination of the trouble, and the Dominican people are congratulated for the manner in which they handled it. "It is pleasant to know that this little Republic can preserve its liberties against aggression without any of the unfortunate by-products of Latin-American revolutions," says the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*. "Strange as it may seem, there is reason to believe that the revolution in Santo Domingo portends an advance in public opinion and political education in the small republics to the south of the United States," observes the Boston *Globe*, which suggests that it may give the Hoover commission "a clue to the needs in Haiti."

THE FIGHT TO SAVE THE WHEAT FARMER

CHARGES OF "SOCIALISM" AND "COMMUNISM" are hurled at the Federal Farm Board in its desperate battle to save wheat from a disastrous slump.

The board has been on a red-hot griddle.

Pounded for two days, March wheat was forced down more than five cents a bushel to 98¾ cents in Chicago, we read, and "to the lowest points in fifteen years in other markets." Then came the head-line, "Federal Funds Halt Wheat Price Slump," and, on the last day of February, March wheat had climbed back to $1.11 7-8, thanks to the efforts of the newly formed $10,000,000 stabilization corporation. Later, however, in spite of all the Board could do, wheat prices underwent further gyrations.



A LIFE-GUARD WITH PLENTY TO DO
—Spencer in the Omaha *World-Herald.*

"For the first time since its organization the Federal Farm Board has gone into the speculative buying of wheat and entered the open market with those gambling in futures," writes M. Farmer Murphy in the Baltimore *Sun*, and, on the same day, the Washington *News* tells us:

> "The Hoover Administration appealed to all business interests, including the grain trade, to support its efforts to prevent further declines in the price of wheat, adopting tactics similar to those employed after the stock-market crash last fall. . . . President Hoover, through Chairman Legge, has thrown the Administration squarely behind the policies of the Federal Farm Board, which have been attacked by the grain trade and boards of trade as unlawful.
>
> "Legge said, flatly, the Board's activities would be continued."

"Arthur M. Hyde, Secretary of Agriculture, after conferring with President Hoover, announced that the National Grain Corporation and the Stabilization Corporation had purchased about 3,000,000 bushels, dealing largely in May futures," Mr. Murphy tells us. "In addition, the Grain Corporation purchased 800 car-loads from cooperatives. Secretary Hyde expresses the opinion that the action averted an 'incipient panic.' It was learned in other quarters that the amount of grain purchased was nearer 7,000,000 bushels."

This Stabilization Corporation was chartered in Delaware on February 10, we read, receiving an initial loan of $10,000,000 to carry out the policies of the Farm Board. It is headed by W. G. Kellogg, president.

Mr. Murphy gives us an idea of the terrific stress to which the Board was subjected during the last week in February. He wrote on February 26:

> "To-day's development marks a third shift in as many days in the general attitude of the Administration toward the wheat situation. The changes are attributed to conflicting influences at work in the big game now being played between the grain operators all over the country, and as some charge, all over the world, and the Farm Board, which was created to represent the interests of the farmers.
>
> "It has been alleged by some Senators there is a conspiracy among dealers to discredit the Farm Board, and that they are bringing all the pressure possible to bear to that end. The uneven purpose of the Farm Board, as shown by the statements of Chairman Legge and Secretary Hyde, is accounted for by the explanation that now the grain operator's influence will prevail, and then the influence of the agricultural regions will be in the ascendency.
>
> "On Monday [the 24th], when wheat took its downward plunge, Legge gave out a statement saying that the Board's business was to protect the farmers. It would continue to lend to the cooperatives at the pegged prices, and he had no concern with the open speculative market or what happened to the grain operators, he said.
>
> "On Tuesday, however, when the market had gone still lower, Mr. Legge, after a conference with President Hoover, said his statement of the day before had been interpreted in too narrow a sense. What he really meant, he said, was that the Board's principal concern was with the farmers, and that the position of the grain trade, tho important, was secondary.
>
> "To-day the limitation of buying to cooperatives has been abandoned. The Board not only goes into the open market to compete with the grain operators, but it takes a 3,000,000 or, perhaps, 7,000,000 bushels' flyer in the futures market."

In the Senate the Farm Board was attacked and defended. "The Senate took cognizance of the disturbed condition of the cotton and wheat markets by adopting a resolution, offered by Senator Heflin, asking the Secretary of Agriculture for recommendations," Mr. Murphy tells us.

After wheat prices had recovered, the next step taken by the Farm Board is related by a Chicago dispatch of March 1 to the New York *Times:*

> "'On account of impending congestion of grain on many terminal markets, and the at least measurable passing of the emergency in grain prices,' Mr. Legge stated to-night, 'we will discontinue buying grain on the arbitrary loan-price basis which was established last October. The Farmers' National Grain Corporation will continue to make loans on cooperatives on the present crop, however, until July 1.'
>
> "Mr. Legge further stated that the Stabilization Corporation would continue to buy grain at prevailing market prices, and if a situation should arise that demanded taking grain off the market to relieve demoralization, this would be done."

The Farm Board is undergoing sledge-hammer attacks from some quarters for its efforts to stabilize the price of wheat. The Milwaukee *Journal* declares in a critical tone: "This represents the most advanced step, the most thoroughly socialized step ever taken in America in peace times in dealing with a commodity." "Unless there is a drastic turn in the market, some one is bound to be left holding the bag, and that some one is the Farm Board and the Treasury," declares the Washington *Post:*

> "'Surplus' is the important consideration with respect to farm relief. The surplus has deprest the price. The surplus must be controlled if farm relief is to be made effective. When the Farm Board attempts to improve the marketing machine, a desirable undertaking of itself, and when it sets out to 'peg' prices, it is contributing to building up further surpluses. At present, a situation exists that threatens to lead to major disaster for the Board. It may clear away, but it will leave farm relief as much of an enigma as ever."

On the other hand, many editors plead that the Board be given a fair opportunity to show what it can do to help the farmer. "Having consented to invest half a billion dollars in farm relief," says the San Diego *Union*, "we should not be too eager to call it a failure." The Duluth *News-Tribune*, in an important wheat-shipping center, declares that "nothing should be done to undermine the confidence of the public or of the farmers in the Farm Board." And the Syracuse *Post-Standard* asserts:

> "There is no reason for criticizing the action taken to stabilize the wheat market. It is, indeed, a matter for congratulation that the Government now has machinery for stabilizing one of its greatest industries."

WOMEN'S RIGHT TO BE HANGED

"WOMEN HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT to be hanged as men."

So declares the Women's Freedom League, of England, a slogan which many of our editors quote in discussing the recent execution of a woman in Arizona, the first to be hanged in that State. Referring to this "peculiar development" in London, the Washington *Star* says:

> "Recently the Governor of Maidstone prison urged that women be exempted from the death penalty in murder cases.
>
> "This immediately aroused the antagonism of the Women's Freedom League.
>
> "The secretary of that organization declared that while she was strongly opposed to capital punishment, she would rather be hanged than agree to any exemption of members of her sex. The slogan was raised: 'Women have as much right to be hanged as men.'"

But "this question is not likely to become acute here," *The Star* thinks. Before quoting other editorial comment, we borrow from an Associated Press dispatch from Florence, Arizona, describing the execution there on February 21:

> "Mrs. Eva Dugan, the first woman to be legally executed in Arizona, to-day with her life paid for the slaying in 1927 of A. J. Mathis, Tucson rancher. The trap was sprung at 5:11 A. M. Six women witnessed the execution.
>
> "Mrs. Dugan, unshaken, calmly climbed the thirteen steps to the gallows and smiled as the black hood was adjusted over her head. She said she had no statement to make.
>
> "Warden Wright clasped her hand and said, 'God bless you, Eva.'
>
> "Mrs. Dugan smiled and said, 'Good-by, Daddy Wright.' A few seconds later the steel trap was sprung.
>
> "Warden Wright a few minutes before the hanging revealed to newspaper men the discovery of what he believed was a plot by Mrs. Dugan to cheat the gallows by taking poison before she was removed to the death chamber."

"The fact that the deceased had been a dance-hall singer in the Klondike during the gold rush, and had passed through the vicissitudes that surround such occupation, may have had something to do with the apparent lack of interest in her case from the standpoint of her sex," observes the New Haven *Register*. "Yet it was a fact that she was a woman and a mother, and it is hard to bring one's self to the thought that anything could justify her legal slaying." And *The Virginian-Pilot* agrees:

> "Logically, there is no reason why the hanging of a woman convicted of first-degree murder should be a more distressing spectacle that the hanging of a man.
>
> "Actually it is.
>
> "One can not rationalize the distinction, but it is there nevertheless.
>
> "The equalization of the sexes in rights, opportunities, and privileges is a movement not old enough or advanced enough to dispose of the race's inheritance from the age of chivalry. There survives in spite of our modern selves and our equalitarian concepts, the feeling that the woman is the weaker vessel—that as the mother of the race she has a claim on the compassion of her judges that would not be valid if advanced on behalf of her brothers."

But "a murdered person is just as dead whether the killer was a man or a woman," says the Atlanta *Constitution*, "and why murder is less heinous and worthy of less penalty when done by a woman than when done by a man escapes the grasp of common sense and equal justice." Continuing:

> "Women are generally demanding equal rights with men; equal rights with labor; equal wages for equal work; equality at the polls, in public office-holding, and in jury boxes.
>
> "Granting that they should have all of those rights, they should also accept equal rights at the hands of the law."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

WHAT Chicago needs, more than Big Bill, is a big billy.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

THE London Conference has at least succeeded in reducing its aims.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

WE read that a New Zealander, who played the piano for one hundred and twelve hours without stopping, is coming to England. This country is always very good to refugees.—*Punch.*

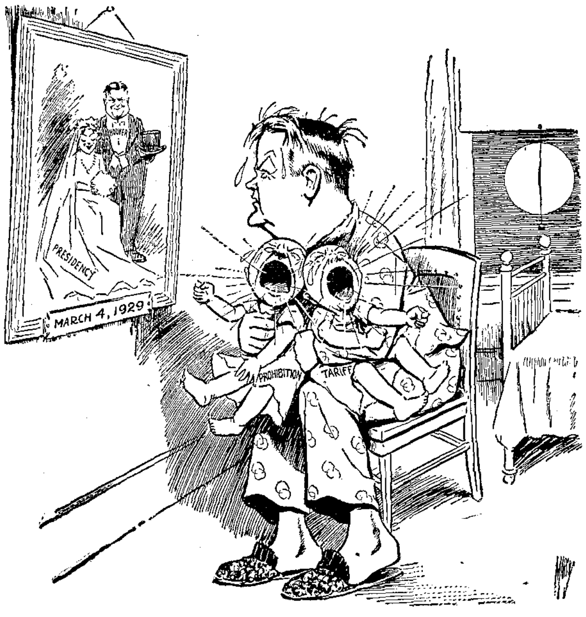
SOME of the coins in use in the South Sea Islands, we read, weigh as much as half a pound each. It is almost impossible to avoid earning big money there.—*Humorist* (*London*).

AWFUL thought. Suppose the millennium, when at last it comes, is held up until ratified by the Senate.—*Los Angeles Times.*

FIFTY MILLION powder-puffs were sold in this country last year. Some lucky manufacturers are making hay while the nose shines.—*Punch.*

A MAN recently accomplished the journey to Switzerland, without challenge, on his wife's passport. The authorities, no doubt, merely assumed that the "lady" was traveling in her winter sports costume.—*Passing Show.*

As a result of recent drag-net arrests in Chicago a notable decline in the number of robberies is reported. Most of the innocent citizens having been picked up by the police, there was no way for the robbers to get at them.—*New York Times.*



"HIS WEDDING DAY"

—Marcus in the New York *Times.*

ONE thing certain, the women in Congress don't do all the talking.—*Mobile Register.*

No doubt part of the rottenness of politics comes from the spoils system.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

"WHAT is the present generation driving at?" asks a contemporary. About fifty miles per hour, I should imagine.—*Passing Show, London.*

THE BBC hopes to broadcast the roar of Niagara Falls. Another natural feature of the American continent to which we would gladly listen-in is the silence of the great open spaces.—*Punch.*

A CRITIC says the old-timers were more courteous than moderns. Even the old cars rattle before they strike.—*Wooster Record.*

AN expert says that a really good diamond will make a hole in almost anything. Especially a banking account.—*Passing Show.*

ANYBODY could get rich if he could guess the exact moment at which a piece of junk becomes an antique.—*Youngstown Vindicator.*

THOSE Santo Dominican insurgents seem determined that the other end of their island shall not get all the attention.—*Indianapolis Star.*

THRIFT is alleged to have become a vice in America, but little credence is attached to the rumor that many ostensible speak-easies are in reality savings-banks.—*Punch.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

PROLETARIAN PROGRESS IN JAPAN

WE ARE WARNED by various Far East editors not to entertain any noxious association of ideas about the Proletarians in Japan such as most people feel about the Soviet Russian use of the word "proletariat."

The Japanese prefer the term "Proletariat" to "Labor" as a party name, and, in fact, this conveys a more accurate description of the cause for which its representatives are working.

This thought is suggested to the Tokyo *Japan Advertiser* as it reflects that five years have gone by since manhood suffrage came into force in Japan. Two years ago, we are reminded, it was put to the test for the first time. As a result, it is recalled, Labor was able to obtain direct representation of its own in the Diet.

In the February elections, Tokyo Associated Press dispatches note, the Proletarians returned five members and other groups fifteen, while the elections as a whole resulted in the most impressive vote of confidence given any Japanese Ministry within a decade. The final results, we are told, swept the Minseito, the party of Premier Hamaguchi, to victory with a majority of 80 seats over all other parties. The Minseito total was 273 seats against 174 for the Seiyukai, the chief Opposition party.

Meanwhile, it is stated that this election, which is the second under universal male suffrage, evoked the keenest and widest interest, for crowds stood for hours before the newspaper bulletins the night of the election watching the returns.

At the same time we read in a Tokyo wireless dispatch to the New York *Times* that:

> "The defeat of Labor leaders and the failure of Proletarian groups to achieve the success they had confidently expected were the features of the Japanese election.
>
> "Labor is weakened by the defeat of Isoo Abe, President of the Social Democrats, and Yasutaka Suzuki, President of the Federation of Labor, both members of the last Diet, and rejection of Matsuoka, General Secretary of the Federation of Labor, and Toyohiko Kagawa, famous Christian Socialist.
>
> "One redeeming feature from Labor's point of view is the return of Ikao Oyama, Left wing leader, with greatly diminished strength at the polls.
>
> "Various explanations are advanced, including overconfidence, the curious working of the modified system of proportional representation in Japan, and the fickleness of the new voters.
>
> "All are true in a degree, but the ruling reason is disunity, lack of organization and of a solid foundation of labor sentiment in the electorate.
>
> "The rejection of 90 per cent. of the Proletarian candidates shows that Labor's appearance as an effective political force is still indefinitely in the distance."

But such reverses as the Proletarian party in Japan suffered at the election, we are told in various quarters, must not be held to minimize the importance of the Proletarian movement. A curious comparison of it with the Labor movement in England is remarked by *The Japan Advertiser* when it says:

> "Even in England, where the great trades unions form the backbone of the Labor party, many strong trade unionists of the old school are still strong Conservatives in politics, while several millions of persons belonging to the educated classes now help to swell the ranks of those supporting the Labor party.
>
> "In Japan this same phenomenon, tho on a smaller scale, is equally conspicuous. Not only do 'intellectuals' form an important element of the movement numerically. They also provide a large proportion of the active leaders, the two principal Proletarian parties, for example, having Professors Abe and Oyama respectively at their head.
>
> "Call it Labor or Proletarian, the development of the movement in Japan since the grant of manhood suffrage five years ago is full of significance for the future."

One reason for the great interest shown in the Proletarian party, according to this American-owned Tokyo daily, is that "the press and the country generally are getting tired of the corruption and sordid intrigue that are so rife among the old-established parties." Yet it is admitted that many years will probably go by before the Proletarians secure for themselves anything like the same amount of representation in the Diet as the Minseito or the Seiyukai. But we are advised:

> "That does not detract from the significance of the movement now taking place, and there is even a possibility that this movement may develop more rapidly than present circumstances appear to indicate.
>
> "Generally speaking, it may be said that, as matters now stand, there are four main factors hindering any very rapid advance in the strength of Proletarian representation in the Diet.
>
> "These are: internal discord in their own ranks and inability to cooperate among themselves, lack of funds, the backward state of organized labor, and the failure of the masses to realize as yet the power conferred upon them by the right to vote.
>
> "If these four handicaps can be overcome, the mere fact that the old-established parties, the Minseito and the Seiyukai, are so well dug in in the main constituencies should prove no greater a deterrent than it did in the case of England where the similarly entrenched position of the Conservatives and Liberals failed to hold back the Labor party when once it had started to make headway.
>
> "Taking these four primary handicaps in the order given, the first and the last may be considered the hardest to overcome. How many Proletarian parties have been formed since the inauguration and immediate dissolution of the first in December, 1925, it would be difficult to tell.
>
> "Formation, dissolution, amalgamation, ruptures, and splits have followed one another in rapid succession. The number of 'parties,' local and general, that have come into existence in the course of the past three years must reach a high figure, say 40 or 50 at a conservative estimate.
>
> "Even at the present moment there are four main Proletarian parties and a host of local groups in the field, and of these none, except the Social Democrats, have unbroken histories dating back further than December, 1928.
>
> "No further evidence of their instability and inability to co-operate need be given, unless it be to point to the fact that in the coming elections, as in those of 1928, a member of Proletarian parties will have candidates fighting each other at the polls for the same seat."

The second and third handicaps, we are then informed, may possibly be overcome before long. At present, the lack of funds is undoubtedly a serious matter, it is avowed. But if, as both the Minseito and the Seiyukai confess, politics are to be made cleaner and election funds are to be strictly limited in practise as well as in theory, we are assured that this particular handicap will at least be reduced. As for handicap number three, the backward state of organized labor, it is declared that this also is likely to be remedied to a large extent if the proposed Labor Union Law is finally passed by the Diet. We read then:

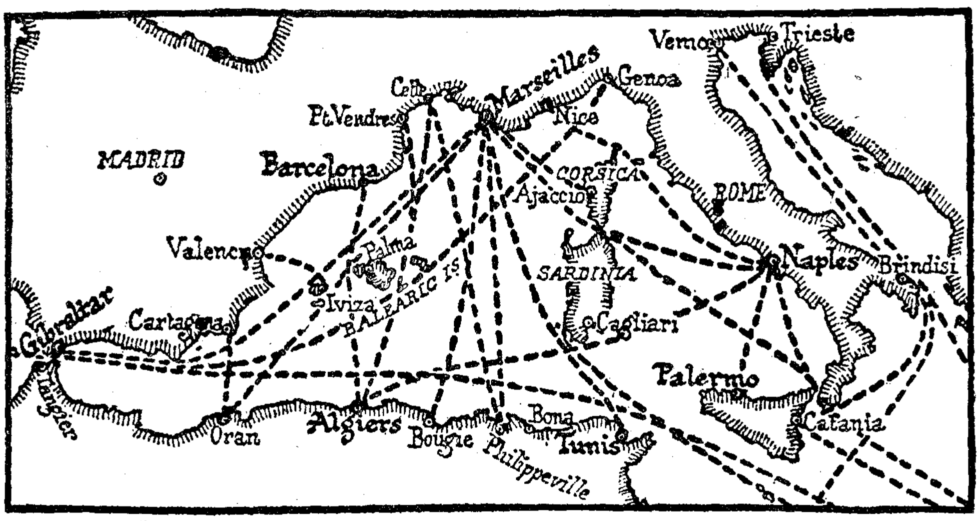
> "Of the major handicaps, therefore, there remains but the fourth and last to consider, the failure of the masses to realize the power conferred upon them by the right to vote. . . .
>
> "Nevertheless, manhood suffrage having been granted, the measure can not be rescinded, and it is probably only a question of time and education before the people learn to use the vote intelligently in their own interests and in those of the State.
>
> "As political-mindedness among the masses develops, so too, like the old-school trade unionists in England, they are likely to see the advantage of supporting a party of their own. Then, and only then, will the Proletarian movement become a real power in the land."

THE SEA SO MANY CALL "OURS"

ALL ALONG ITS SHORES the many nations lapped by its waves speak of the blue Mediterranean as *mare nostrum*—our sea.

This is why, say various editors, the Mediterranean looms up as such an intricate problem at the London Naval Conference.

First noted by some writers is Great Britain's position in this "inland ocean," where she firmly holds Spanish Gibraltar, Italian Malta, Greek Cyprus, and Egyptian Port Said. The British certainly are well posted in that great marine highway, through which a third of their total overseas commerce passes every year.



From the London *Daily News*

THE MARINE HIGHWAY OF A DOZEN NATIONS

So writes H. Wilson Harris in the London *Daily News*, and he adds that altho British guardianship in holding Gibraltar is a guaranty for free passage for all commerce, other nations "do not regard self-appointed police as the form of gendarmerie most to their taste."

At the same time he advises us that the British at home think rather too little of the Mediterranean, of which he remarks:

> "Historically, of course, it means everything to the civilization of the world. The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, and the pure religion that sprang from Nazareth, all made their impress on humanity within sound of its waves.
>
> "But it is the Mediterranean of to-morrow, not the Mediterranean of history, that concerns us here.
>
> "And, of course, the Mediterranean to-day. Through that sea week by week passes the traffic of a dozen nations.
>
> "It is a veritable ocean Piccadilly. British vessels, the swift, lean liners, the lumbering tramps, the ship-shape cargo boats, link Lancashire with Bombay, Cardiff with Genoa, and Hyde Park Corner with the Shanghai Bund.
>
> "The liners of Japan ply their scheduled course by Suez and Gibraltar to their berths at Tilbury. Spain and France and Italy send their shipping east and west along the highway as well as southward to the African shores. Greece and Italy have special concerns as well with the inland seas—the Adriatic and the Ægean—that run up from the great inland sea itself, as the ancients called it. And on those waters, too, the war-ships ply.
>
> "France and Italy have their naval bases there; Jugo-Slavia is building submarines; Greece has her Navy, British-trained; Turkey still cherishes the renamed and reconditioned but obsolescent *Goeben*, and a few other vessels as well; Russia, not disposed to take too seriously treaty agreements on entrance of the Black Sea and exit from it, has a naval base at Odessa, and can not be eliminated entirely from the list of Mediterranean Powers."

Of course there must be traffic policemen in this great marine thoroughfare, we are told, and at present every nation has its own. Great Britain's Mediterranean fleet, with Malta as its base, is said to be fully equal to any emergency it may have to face. And what that emergency may be is obvious, according to this writer:

> "It is attack by some other Mediterranean Power—France, or Italy, or Spain, or Greece, or Turkey. Not any outside Power as long as we hold Gibraltar and can guard the entrance of the Suez Canal at Port Said.
>
> "If only the French fleet and the Italian and the Spanish and the rest were out of existence, the need for a British Mediterranean fleet would be small. A few light cruisers as safeguards against possible piracy (if piracy in the Mediterranean can still be considered possible), and to render those humanitarian services for which the Royal Navy gets too little credit would suffice.
>
> "And if the Italian and Spanish navies were out of the way, France could be saved the expense of a formidable squadron based on Toulon. And the Spaniards would certainly have little need of ships of war on their Mediterranean coasts if the ships of war of other Mediterranean Powers were scrapped."

OUR OUTNUMBERED MILLIONAIRES

THERE ARE MANY MORE MILLIONAIRES in British India, it is alleged, than in the United States of America, and they are all, or nearly all, Indian.

This is not the boast of any son of India, who would be naturally proud to vaunt the wealth of his people. On the contrary, the statement is made by a serious-minded British journalist, who edits the Calcutta *Statesman*. He bases his opinion upon facts gathered by economists.

Speaking of Indian millionaires, he excludes all Indians bearing such titles as Rajas, Maharajas, Nawabs, Thakores, etc., who possess and rule the Indian States.

If we should include rulers, one of them is noted in *The Statesman* on the authority of Mr. G. Findlay Shirras, formerly Director-General of Statistics. It is said that "a high political official" told him—

> ". . . 'that this ruler's private hoard in coin and bullion was more than Rs. 100,000,000, or ten crores (say $33,000,000). The ruler had his jewelry valued privately on his accession and its value was not less than Rs. 2,000,000,000 or 200 crores ($660,000,000).'
>
> "One does not gather that this wealthy prince rules over one of the greatest of the States, and if that is so, one can only conjecture what the private treasuries of some of the leading princes contain.
>
> "'In a Rajputana State,' proceeds Mr. Shirras, 'apart from Rs. 30,000,000 or Rs. 3 crores [$10,000,000], in coin and bullion, there was at that time a private treasury containing Rs. 20,000,000 or Rs. 2 crores [$6,600,000].
>
> "'In Baroda jewelry worth Rs. 20,000,000 or Rs. 2 crores is on show to the public, and it may be presumed that the jewelry not shown is quite equal in value to that figure. These, he adds, are but instances.'"

Commenting upon these statistics, the editorial writer of *The Statesman* observes:

> "These striking figures bear out the contention that 'the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind' is no figment of the imagination, but a solid fact.
>
> "Apart from the Indian States there are probably many more millionaires in British India than in America, and they are all, or nearly all, Indian.
>
> "But these fortunes, enormous as they are in the aggregate, are unquestionably a mere fraction of the still more marvelous wealth which exists in the shape of gold and silver hoards throughout the vast domain of India, whether British India or the Indian States."

The mobilization of all this wealth, according to economists, would "convulse the world."

Many Indians, nevertheless, are very anxious to see some of these hoards tapped, we are told, "for purposes of India's material development."

THE "WHITE MAN'S BURDEN" SLIPPING

A CERTAIN self-pity used to tinge the work of some writers when speaking of the "white man's burden"—especially in Asia.

But now it begins to look as if he is to be relieved of this burden—and through no wish of his own.

The present generation may see the white man more or less quietly voted out of Asia, says Feng-Shui in the Sydney (Australia) *Bulletin*. Meanwhile he recalls that Europe fastened her dominion on Asia in a highly autocratic style, and he proceeds:

"Jan Pieterszoon Coen, whose 300th birthday has just been celebrated in Batavia, ruled the Dutch East Indies like an independent monarch.

"God was with him on the spot, and there was no such thing as a Labor majority in the government at home to worry him.

"Stamford Raffles, whose 100th birthday has just been observed in Singapore, seized that island and founded the British dominion of Malaya, practically on his own initiative.

"Single-handed, James Brooke quietly made himself raja of Sarawak, a country larger than Britain, and nobody troubled to ask him where he got his mandate.

"A syndicate composed of a Jew and two Englishmen floated 300,000 Bornean savages into a limited liability company with less formality than an Australian manufacturer starts a shoe factory."

Even up to the World War colonial administrations were practically irresponsible, according to this contributor to the Sydney *Bulletin*. At least, he adds, they were responsible only to a person in "a distant Foreign Office."

But since the war, we are told, things have changed enormously. The Bolshevik upheaval spread abroad the proletarian doctrine, it is noted. Asia lapped it up, but it is pointed out also—

"President Wilson helped on the work with his slogan of self-determination. European Demos began to get interested in his colored brother.

"In the imperial Parliaments of Holland, France, Britain, and America the radical Oppositions began to demand a share in the control of the destinies of a third of the human race, hitherto the sole preserve of colonial offices.

"The results have been interesting.

"It has only been necessary for countries like Egypt, Turkey, India, the Philippines, and China to assume the outward garb of democratic institutions for unsophisticated European Demos to believe that they have absorbed the spirit thereof.

"Nothing could be further from the truth. Democracy can no more function in the India of to-day than a motor-tractor could in a rice-swamp. China has rubbed along successfully with the family system for 4,000 years.

"Faced with the problem of converting patriarchal rule into a republic, she has only succeeded in producing a new Son of Heaven in a modern general's uniform.

"But the effect on the doctrine of white superiority has been disastrous. Time was when a white man was safer in a civil-war area in China than walking in some parts of an Australian capital.

"To-day he is liable to confiscation of goods or imprisonment of person. The British raj in India merely keeps the ring while the local democrat rends the loin-cloth of his fellow democrat, or suspends hostilities to throw a joint bomb at a viceroy.

"In the Philippines Uncle Sam has been edged out of pretty well every position of authority."

All these reflections were suggested to Feng-Shui of the Sydney *Bulletin* by an act of the Chinese Government that he says is marked with Chinese "characteristic slimness."

This description he takes from the fact that this Government announced that "as far as it is concerned, extraterritoriality, or the right of foreigners to live under their own laws, has been abolished as from January 1."

If the announcement were to be taken at its face value, he avers, the consequences would be serious, and he continues:

"The foreign trade of China would be thrown into confusion, the municipal rule of the million-city of Shanghai would become illegal. Foreign residents numbering upward of 300,000 would have no security of person or property, and there would probably be armed intervention.

"No Chinese declaration need ever be taken at its face value, however. Some months ago Dr. M. T. Z. Tyau, the Kuomintang's most eminent authority on international relations, made it clear what the move portended.

"He advised the Government to denounce the treaties, but to follow up the announcement with no action.

"The result would be to stampede the Powers into a conference. Democratic Western sympathizers with the Flowery Republic's aspirations would then be mobilized on China's side and Chinese statesmen would be in a position to start the game, in which they are past-masters, of playing one Western country off against another. This is what is about to happen.

"China's move is not as immediately serious as it looks; yet it is symptomatic of something that is serious. It brings up the whole question whether the European Demos can be a successful imperialist."

MEXICO'S AIRWAY TO HARMONY

REVOLUTIONS ARE OUT OF STYLE in Mexico.

This astonishing report of a change in the order of the day in the republic south of the Rio Grande is said to be due to the airplane.

In the late rebellion of Escobar, we are told, the Mexican Federal Air Squadrons played havoc with the ranks of the Revolutionists. They no longer, it seems, could resort to the old game of hide-and-seek in the mountain fastnesses.

Another point strest by Mexican editors is the generally accepted fact that the Army is now heart and soul with the Government. So, it appears, no unscrupulous aspirant has much chance to launch a seditious movement.

The rapid progress of Mexico to peace was indicated also, it is claimed, in the calm that followed the attempt on the life of President-elect Pascual Ortiz Rubio at his inauguration. In former years, say Mexican journalists, a revolution would have been an immediate natural consequence of the attack.

Instead, it appears that the crime was generally condemned as the act of an erratic individual. When asked for the motives that led him to shoot six times at the President's automobile, we read, the would-be assassin answered that he had acted under "the strain of hearing repeatedly the national anthem and of his belief that Ortiz Rubio's election has been fraudulent."

Mexican editors concur in saying that even the death of the President-elect would have had no disastrous effect on the political life of Mexico. The Revolutionary party, which has ruled the country for eight years, they aver, is well organized and prepared for all emergencies.

Upon hearing of the attempt on President Ortiz Rubio's life, former President Portes Gil, later appointed Secretary of the Interior, immediately assumed the reins of office again.

The secret of the apparent order observed throughout Mexico is due, we are told, to the fact that the Federal Army, which has hitherto been the support of all revolutionary movements or aspirants to the Presidency, is now well organized by Gen. Joaquin Amaro.

He is a full-blooded Indian, who is said to have succeeded in instilling into the Army the *esprit de corps*. As to the general consequences of the attempted assassination, we find in *Excelsior*, of Mexico City, the following avowal:

"There is one thing about which a very large majority of Mexicans agree, and that is the necessity of living in peace at any cost.

"The country is tired of revolutions and political upheavals after nearly twenty years of ceaseless unrest."

President Ortiz Rubio begins his term under happy auspices, remarks *El Informador* of Guadalajara, for "the new administration finds in the Treasury a surplus of 15,000,000 pesos, nearly $7,500,000, a matter of unprecedented significance in the annals of Mexico."

LETTERS · AND · ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

SHAW'S "BENIGNANT DEVILTRY"

BERNARD SHAW, THE FABIAN SOCIALIST, began at Warsaw to teach the values of kingship.

He puzzled the natives and then went on to England. There, with his play called "The Apple Cart," he created mild astonishment over his apparent belated adoption of the English whom he had girded at all his life.

Now he appears before American audiences, via the Theater Guild, and presents us the spectacle of ourselves as a bloated prodigal offering to return to the British Empire, where our peaceful penetration already finds us supplying England most of the material things of life. On top of this we write off a huge unpayable debt, wrapt in the tatters of a torn-up Declaration of Independence. The gift is not accepted, however, for the English King, who reigns in 1970, is the only figure in the play who seems to keep his head.

Lee Simonson has helped out this futuristic idea by designing a view of a skyscraper-filled London over which looms a big black cloud, presumably the American invasion, which threatens a worse darkness than a London fog. This, if anything, will reconcile the play to American audiences, some of whom were seen to sleep through the earlier discussions of Mr. Shaw's political theories.

THE U. S. PROFFERED AND DECLINED

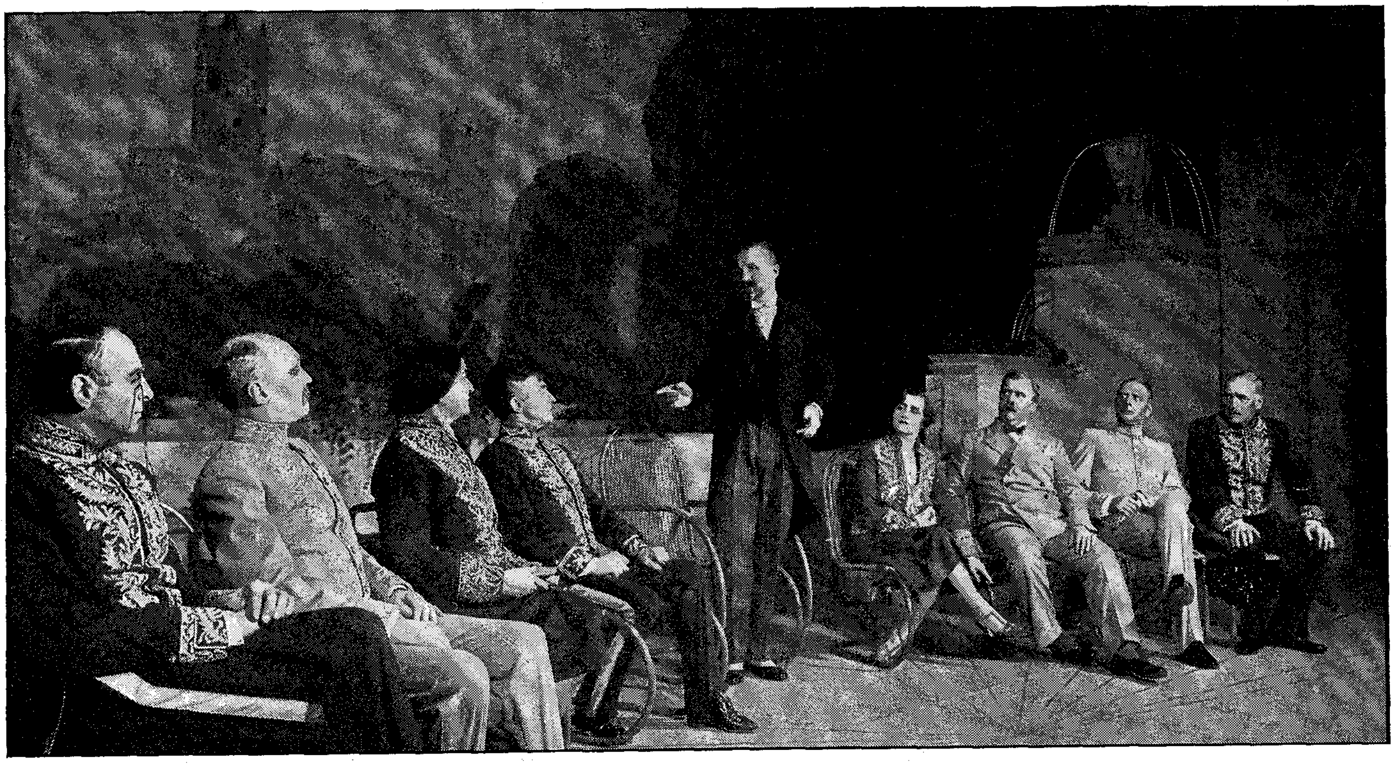
The *American Ambassador* overloads the English Apple Cart in presence of *King* and *Queen*.

Summarized by J. Brooks Atkinson in the New York *Times*—

> "Being a law unto himself, and quite properly, Mr. Shaw does not pretend be a play-joiner in 'The Apple Cart.' He is notoriously ready with answers, and so he conducts a long conversation with himself, dubbing his piece 'a political extravaganza in two acts and an interlude.' It is benignant deviltry.
>
> "As usual, he speaks candidly about subjects that are commonly approached with tact; he reasons with the slapstick. And he takes a good poke at the United States, which is no longer news, 'What they call an American,' he lets a female Cabinet Minister say, 'is only a wop pretending to be a Pilgrim Father.' Toward England his heart is forgiving and almost warm. 'This little gem set in the silver sea,' he permits the King to murmur in its honor.
>
> "It is as bad a play as only Bernard Shaw would think of writing in the ripeness of his years.
>
> "But if we must listen to unending conversation in the theater, and it seems that we must, let Mr. Shaw write it. He has enough sense to make it sound like nonsense. With him intelligent conversation is cerebral horseplay.
>
> "Of all the bad plays produced this season, this is the best."

After the play's production in Moscow on June 14, 1929, we reported it in our July 20 number. As it was then heard in translation into Polish, it came through cloudily to English reporters. Richard Lockridge of *The Sun* (New York) puts the plot, what there is of it, neatly:

> "The play proper, which includes the first act and the third, is shrewd analysis of political absurdities, not always closely unified. It is concerned with the battle between a clever King, and a not quite so clever Prime Minister, for the final power. Basically it is a dialog, and a duel, between the two, with some deliciously satirized Cabinet members as a gallery. In the end it goes off, with more of the old sweep, into the fantastic at the moment of the American Ambassador's announcement that the United States have decided to return to the British Empire, rather as a prodigal steam-roller might return to a daisy patch.
>
> "Primarily the play gives Shaw an opportunity to continue his discussion of political philosophy. Much of this philosophy is put into the mouth of the King, whose frequent lengthy speeches have the engaging quality of the typical Shaw preface.
>
> "Thus the King it is who sketches the collapse of democracy resultant on the gradual withdrawal from the bother of government of all the really intelligent members of the social body. He notes that he remains the final dam to check the flow of greed and ignorance which, if left to itself, might sweep even over the heads of Cabinet members. 'I,' he says in effect, 'am your scapegoat. When some impossible demand must be denied, you can blame it on me; when some request is to be granted, you can take the credit. I am the only safeguard left the eternal against the expedient.'
>
> "The Prime Minister and the members of the Cabinet listen and are unconvinced. The power must be theirs only; they can not have the King going about hinting at the value of his always-possible veto. He must be a good boy and promise not to do it again. The expedient must finally triumph completely over the eternal.
>
> "The discussion continues lengthily, but not too lengthily for interest. It is brightened and varied by the inclusion of many aspects, which I lack the space even to suggest. But basically this fact remains—at the time of the play, which is laid in the



THE AMERICAN CLOUD LOOMS OVER THE KING AND CABINET

Left to right: Morris Carnovsky, George Graham, Helen Westly, Claude Rains, Tom Powers (*King*), Eva Leonard-Boyne, Ernest Cossart, John Dunn.

not-too-distant future, the best in democracy has its only guardian in the King. All other intelligent men have stept out.

"The discussion rambles on until a final climax. Then the King suggests that he may solve the whole matter by abdication. The Cabinet brightens—in one of the most amusing scenes of the play its members deliver short orations upon this parting of the ways, warmly praising their good friend and comrade, now that he has consented to remove himself. But finally the King interjects. They misunderstand. He is not going into private life. He is going into politics.

"And the Cabinet gasps—an intelligent man again in politics! But what will happen, how now will the apple-cart be truly upset! A King is nothing—but an intelligent former King as Prime Minister! How horrible a thought. And so, fuming, they back down. The King is left—still an intelligent man who prefers not to go into politics."

Of the production, John Mason Brown writes in the New York *Evening Post:*

"In New York 'The Apple Cart' has been vastly aided by the expert production which the Guild has given it. Not only has Mr. Simonson placed it in modernistic settings of distinction, but Mr. Moeller has granted the play a movement that disguises the length of its speeches, and a pace that sends it speeding to its point.

"Mr. Moeller's company, which is unusually capable, finds Ernest Cossart richly comic as the *President of the Board of Trade*, Helen Westly at her most aggressive best as the *Powermistress General*, and Frederick Truesdell decidedly amusing as the *American Ambassador*.

"It is Tom Powers who of necessity carries the main burden of 'The Apple Cart.' Mr. Powers plays the long and difficult part of *King Magnus* with charm and directness, speaking his lines with an admirable clarity and intelligence. Pitted against him, as the wily *Prime Minister*, is Claude Rains, whose excellence as an actor becomes increasingly clear with each new part."

How all this bantering with sacred personages fared in London may be gathered from the Manchester *Guardian:*

"About Mr. Shaw's new play, 'The Apple Cart,' there is no general agreement. It certainly suffers from the fact that there is nothing easier than throwing half-bricks through Parliamentary windows; the satire on democracy is surely too obvious, too heavily farcical for such a hand. However, Mr. Shaw can do no wrong with the British public now, and 'The Apple Cart' had the pineapple public and played through the curtains to a fine array of dress shirts at stall prices."

SHAKESPEARE AN ITALIAN!

LORD BACON has a rival. He hails from Italy.

A book by Signor Santi Paladino sets up a claim to authorship of the plays in behalf of one Michael Angelo—not of sculpture fame.

Writing in *L'Européen* (Paris) an anonymous author sees no great occasion for surprize, since Pierre Louys claimed that all of the work ascribed to Molière was actually written by Corneille.

But let us hear the argument:

"M. Santi Paladino tells us that, one evening when he was unable to fall asleep, he took up by chance a volume in his library which up to that time had escaped his particular attention. It was a book by a certain Michael Angelo who had nothing in common with the genial author of the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, other than his name. The book contained phrases and maxims which were quite familiar to M. Paladino, for he had read them in 'Hamlet.' How great was his astonishment, therefore, when he learned that the work in question had actually appeared six years before the publication of 'Hamlet.'

"M. Paladino immediately began to interest himself in this particular Michael Angelo, and discovered that he was a writer who, persecuted by the Inquisition, wandered for a length of time through Italy, Spain, Austria, Turkey, and the Scandinavian countries, and finally found refuge in London in 1586. Here he became a protégé of Lord Pembroke, to whom he bequeathed his library upon his death in 1615.

"Up to this point the facts are clear and undisputable.

"But after this, matters become complicated: M. Santi Paladino is quite certain that the son of the farmer of Stratford-on-Avon could not possibly have been the author of the work published under his name of Shakespeare. For he was nothing other than a grain merchant, a vulgar *venditore di orzo!* The real author of the Shakespearian works was a certain Florio, who taught classical history at Athens, and who had lived for a year in Denmark, where he had unearthed the legend of *Hamlet*.

"But how is one to prove the truth of this assertion?

"M. Paladino believes that he found the truth on the fly-leaf of a copy of the poems of Shakespeare which had been dedicated by Shakespeare himself, in 1593, to his sole inspiration. 'W. H.'

"This dedication, the mystery of which has as yet never been disclosed, is solved by M. Paladino in the following manner: the initials are those of William Herbert Pembroke, and consequently Florio is none other than Michael Angelo. Finally, in support of his argument, M. Paladino tells us that after the death of Florio, Shakespeare ceased to write. Shakespeare, he says, was the pseudonym taken by Florio Michael Angelo because, in fear of the Inquisition, he published his works under this name because he lived in the house of Shakespeare in London! Insignificant as this material is, M. Santi Paladino has made it the excuse for a book which has recently been published in Italy with the title, 'Shakespeare, Pseudonym of an Italian Poet.'"

The new theory was permitted but a short life:

> "Signor C. Camenisch of Naples ascertained that Florio had died in London, not before Shakespeare, but nine years after Shakespeare's death, in 1625. According to the Encyclopedia Britannica, Florio had pursued his studies at Oxford and was at one time a tutor in the royal family. That he did not publish any of his work under a pseudonym is ably proven by some of his philosophical writings, which are preserved in the British Museum. They are all carefully signed with his name, and, among them, is a translation of Montaigne's Essays, dedicated to the Queen in 1603."

THE COVER—During a three years' sojourn in Spain, Wells M. Sawyer painted scenes there so true and vivid that *Blanco y Negro* (Madrid) declares "the American painter has seen Spain aright; he has felt it with a deep and cordial sensitiveness." In Spain Mr. Sawyer was ranked with Sorolla. *A. B. C.* (Madrid) comments:

> "The work is impressionistic, the form most consistent with the painter's own agile temperament, his vivacious action, and his reaction to light and color. In the marks of his brush one can trace his haste and anxiety to trap the changing light which disappears almost as it is born. In his water-colors Mr. Sawyer presents an insuperable simplicity, and has added transparency to the actual scene. The fluency of these pictorial notes, the schematism of the lines, the delicacy of the colors, give to the water-colors of this American artist a truly original value of type. The same sense of selection has guided Mr. Sawyer in his graceful choice of Spanish landscape. His flexibility of spirit, his ability to react diversely to the diversity of the panorama, give authority to his interpretations of Spain."

KIPLING LET THEM IN—William Gerhardi, the polyglot English novelist, is the latest lecturer to arrive.

Popular curiosity to see the author of "Futility," "The Polyglot," and "Pending Heaven" (Harper's) leads William Soskin of the New York *Evening Post* to dig up a Kipling story that is quite contrary to the accepted view of his exclusive habits:

> "I doubt whether he has ever been subjected to the ordeals Rudyard Kipling must undergo at the hands of American tourists. Mr. H. Cecil Hunt, in 'Fun with the Famous,' a volume published in England, tells of an incident in which Mr. Kipling's London residence was invaded by an American gentleman, accompanied by his two sons.
>
> "'You are Rudyard Kipling?' the American asked when he came upon the author suddenly.
>
> "'Yes.'
>
> "'Boys, this is Rudyard Kipling.'
>
> "'And this is where you write?'
>
> "Kipling nodded assent.
>
> "'Boys, this is where he writes.'
>
> "Then the Americans rushed off to do some other sights of London."

THE HEAVY CROWN OF THE PRIZE BEAUTY

IS THE PRIZE BEAUTY a bore?

The compatriot of Helen of Troy becomes "Miss Europe."

The remote uplands of Grecian Arcadia furnish the wearer of the latest crown, but what does the famous British artist, C. R. W. Nevinson, think of these beauty contests?

Not so much; since he speaks in *The Daily Express* (London) from bitter personal experience, and in behalf of suffering womanhood:

P. & A. photograph

MISS HELLAS

Alice Diplarakou wears crown of Europe's beauty.

> "Some ten years ago I was asked to be a judge of one of these affairs, and I had the misfortune to have to look at thousands and thousands of photographs of women. They became increasingly ugly day after day, week after week, until toward the end of the competition I was quite unable to look at any woman at all.
>
> "I am convinced that the judges eventually awarded the prize to a girl who was almost invisible, but invariably burst into tears every time she looked at us, and was led away in a streaky condition, with her eye-black mixing with her lipstick.
>
> "This experience possibly makes me prejudiced against these competitions; but I see that already worse tragedies have happened in connection with the latest international competition, and it is important to remember that we only hear of the suicides and thefts.
>
> "This public rivalry must open the doors to a great deal more that is unpleasant and undesirable.
>
> "It is more than understandable that any young woman getting over her growing-pains of adolescence should desire to exhibit herself in her first glory.
>
> "Ninety-nine out of a hundred of the so-called stage-struck or film-mad girls are merely the victims of this particular urge, which has nothing whatsoever to do with the desire for any form of artistic or dramatic expression, or interpretation of character.
>
> "These should be the first essentials rather than the last for any girl who is sufficiently foolish to imagine that she has histrionic gifts. These beauty competitions are indirectly encouraging unfortunate women to imagine that beauty is sufficient, in spite of the fact that every day we have proofs that any woman who dares to face the mad scramble in any form of public life must be equipped with a brain as sharp as a needle, a ruthless opportunism, and a skin as thick as a rhinoceros.
>
> "She must be prepared to sacrifice time, squeamishness, friends, and virtue to her ambitions.
>
> "The Mohammedans are possibly kinder to women than we are. They prevent this natural and adolescent mania for self-exhibition, by compelling their women to hide themselves behind a veil. I once knew a great theatrical agent who was in the habit of telling every girl who applied to him for a job, to marry, no matter how bad, rather than take on a job, no matter how good. According to him, hundreds of girls had in the course of his career thanked him for the advice, because they preferred in the end to triumph with their private life rather than to succeed with the public."

It need surprize no one that here is another thing that America, in foreign eyes, has to answer for—

> "I believe these beauty competitions originated with the 'real-estate' agents of America, who used the female of some small town to boost the female of some smaller town, and so advertised the locality in which they intended to speculate.
>
> "These modern prototypes of Paris always took care to see that the apple was heavily loaded, and that the girl and the gold and the beauty all came from the same spot—where their real-estate interests lay."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

WHAT A 'POSSUM BROUGHT TO DARK HOLLOW

IT WAS SUN-UP in Dark Hollow.

The light dropt in patches through the trees. A scrawny rooster unlimbered himself lazily and crowed to his partner in the sky. A hen clucked, and scratched hungrily. A shoat grunted for its breakfast. Yonder, on the edge of the woods, a squirrel chattered over his morning nuts.

The day was on.

But the Burrakers gave no heed to these stirring signs. This morning they had eyes only for bigger things. School was to open—the school set up for them by the big stranger from Washington, whom they had met when he came fishing in the summer. Ray, they remembered, had given the stranger a 'possum, and that had started a conversation in which Ray had confessed that he didn't know how to read and write, and had never heard of a man named Lindbergh, and which had ended in the promise of a school.

P. & A. photograph

THE LIGHT COMES TO DARK HOLLOW

The school was now a fact.

The big stranger and a few friends—tho some of the correspondents hint that the friends are purely fictional—had dug down into their pockets for the necessary money, and to-day school was to open. All the Burrakers were to be there, the Weakleys, the Hurts, and the Woodwards. Miss Christine Vest, of Yosemite, Kentucky, a graduate of Berea College, who knows and understands mountain people, had arrived, and there were books in which they would learn to spell out words and to count more than ten. The man from Washington, being busy over certain other matters, couldn't come, but was expected a month or so later to visit the school.

So the opportunity for education came for the first time to Dark Hollow, near the Hoover camp, at the headwaters of the Rapidan River, in Madison County, Virginia. Here, 3,200 feet above sea-level, writes a staff correspondent of the New York *Times*, a score of children of school age, some much younger, and their elders, participated in one of "the most important events in the history of a region, which, tho only twenty miles from modern busy towns, has been isolated for generations."

Ray, drest in a new tan suit and new shoes and stockings—as you may see in the photograph, left center—was the first to arrive, as he had the honor of raising the flag, we are told. Followed Grandpa Martin Jackson Burraker, seventy-two, drest in a long black broadcloth coat that set off his white beard, and Mrs. Burraker, a year younger, drest in black and wearing a pokebonnet. Seven other younger Burrakers completed the family, and then came four Weakley children, four Hurt children, and then a procession of Woodwards—Lloyd, the father; his wife, with a three-months-old baby in her arms, and seven other little Woodwards. A battery of photographers took pictures, and the *Times* correspondent goes on to tell us:

"Stories which have come out of the mountains have drawn pictures of these children, who often are reared in single-room cabins, as sallow and undernourished. But those present were all pink-cheeked and plump. Their faces shone with cleanliness.

"The older girls' make-up was very similar in its pink rouge and white powder to that of other girls of their age. The dresses worn by the little girls were crisp and clean, and tho some of the boys wore overalls, they were as immaculate.

"Judged by the books on Miss Vest's desk, the children soon will be reading and discussing Little Red Riding Hood, Beauty and the Beast, Hansel and Gretel, and Mother Goose.

"Opening off the schoolroom is the cloakroom and a washroom with modern fixtures, and Miss Vest's apartment, with rooms on the main and ground floors, and modern, cheerful furnishings, as well as electric light and up-to-date plumbing. Water is piped from a mountain spring.

"Altho protesting that she has received far more attention than her position warrants, Miss Vest told of some of her plans.

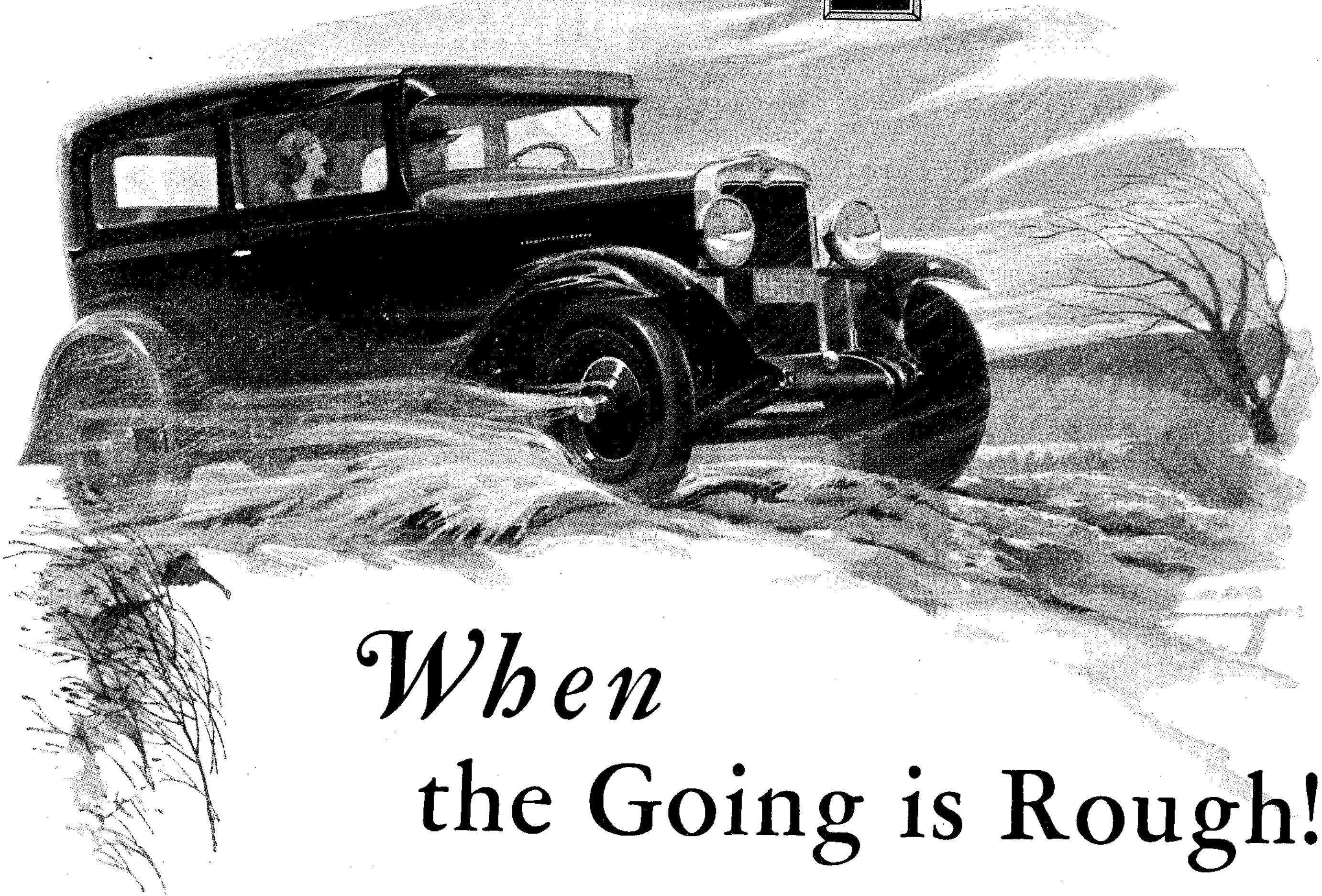
"'There will be school five days a week,' she said, 'from Monday to Friday, and for the present we shall open sessions about 9 A. M. When the days grow longer we may start earlier, but many of the children have to walk long distances.

"'Just how many pupils I will have, or whether there will be older persons enrolled, I can't say yet, as we must get into operation before many who are interested will signify their intention of coming. Maybe we shall have to find ways to accommodate more persons than we have seats for at one sitting.'

"There are twenty desks in the school."

Of course, the President's school, as it is often called, gets a round of praise from the press. The Hartford *Courant* thinks that the story of his gift to the mountain folk in Virginia "may survive in the minds of Americans longer and more clearly than many of the important issues of these times." From the Philadelphia *Inquirer* comes the suggestion that "Dark Hollow may furnish the nation with a President in the years to come." But the problem which President Hoover is attempting to solve here is bigger than Dark Hollow. Lack of education is not an isolated fragment of the picture of the sparsely populated "hollows" of *for Economical Transportation*

CHEVROLET



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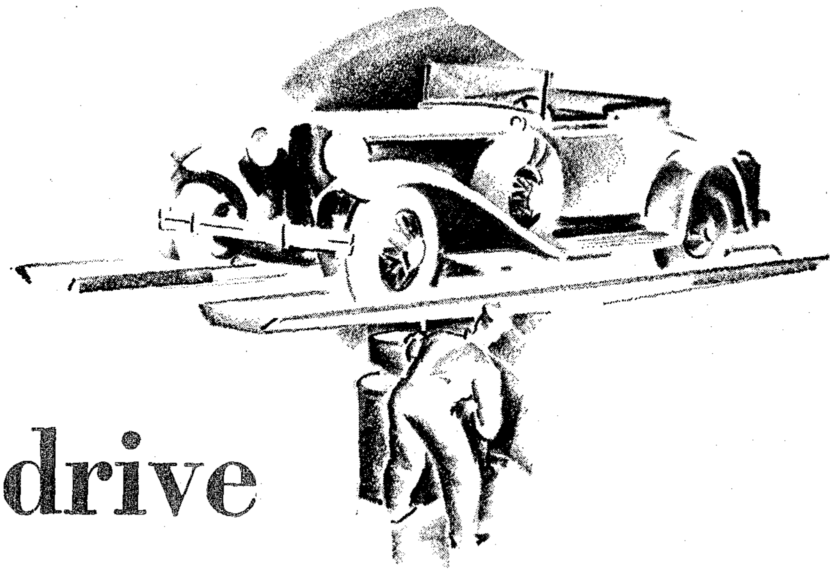
A double warning to those who drive



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Let your nearest Mobiloil dealer drain and refill your crankcase with the correct summer grade of Mobiloil recommended for your engine—*today!* Drive in where you see the Mobiloil sign.

2. Where freezing days may still occur:

Many motorists use winter oil to the danger point. If you live where freezing days may still occur, your engine needs:

Fresh oil. Cold days require free use of the choke. Your used winter oil may be dangerously thinned with raw gasoline. Play safe! If your oil has been used long, have it drained off and the crankcase refilled with Mobiloil Arctic.

When freezing days are gone for good, you can safely change to the grade of Mobiloil recommended for your engine.

So remember: Though spring officially begins on March 21st, summer lubricants should not be used until freezing days are gone for good.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

the Appalachians, points out the Washington *Evening Star*, which is nearer to the scene. And this paper informs us patiently:

"Considerable research has been carried out in the past on the human problems of the region.

"But, like the educational efforts, it has been patchy.

"There are many model schools in the hollows, from Virginia to Alabama, established by philanthropists, research foundations, and churches. They have done excellent work—in their own immediate neighborhoods. There have been numerous research projects in economics, sociology, psychology, and biology, and the findings have been of inestimable value.

"But, up to the present, little has been done toward the expensive and titanic study of the region as a whole from all the possible avenues of approach, whereby not only a true picture of the entire situation could be obtained, but the interrelation of the historical, economic, biological, psychological, and sociological factors determined. It is encouraging to note that, spurred on by the interest of Mr. Hoover, several foundations are contemplating just such a project.

"The condition of these hollow folk—so near to twentieth-century civilization and yet so far away—constitutes a gross defect in the American scheme of things.

"It is not well, in senseless vainglory, to paint the defective patch with a thin coat of gilt, or refuse to look at it altogether.

"Such a procedure is like tying up with string a vital part of an automobile's mechanism.

"The motor of American civilization has a long trip ahead and has need of all its parts in good condition.

"Mr. Hoover's school will accomplish a great deal of good locally, but its real function will be that of a symbol of the problem.

"It serves to focus public attention on a direful situation.

"With the great name of the President attached to it, that little building under the sunrise-colored crags of the mountains stands as a warning sentinel.

"It will not allow the American people easily to forget."

The President's interest makes a pretty story, comments the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. "But it is also a damning indictment of American indifference. What of the thousands of other mountain boys and girls who don't meet presidents and whose communities have never had schools? There are 'backwoods' sections in many States not yet penetrated by the light of education."

THE GOSPELS IN HOPI—To the more than 800 tongues into which the Bible or its parts have been translated, two more were added in 1929.

Pause over this a minute.

It may jar the atheist as it will please the believer who remembers the injunction, "Feed my sheep." It is from the Nashville *Christian Advocate* (Methodist, South):

"For the first time the four Gospels were issued for the Eskimos of the Bristol Bay and Kuskokwim River district in Alaska from a translation made by Moravian missionaries aided by a group of natives.

"The four Gospels were also published in the Hopi tongue for the Indian tribe of that name living near the Grand Canyon.

"This is the first time that any part of the Bible has been made available for this tribe, and is the thirteenth Indian language spoken in the United States in which the American Bible Society has published Scriptures.

"The Book of Psalms, translated by Mr. George Allen and his daughter of San Pedro, Bolivia, has been published in Bolivian Quechua, a language spoken by a large Indian population in the Andes Mountains.

"The Book of Proverbs, published early in 1929, was the first portion of the Bible to appear in the new Turkish alphabet, in obedience to the edict of the Government forbidding the further use of the Arabic alphabet.

"Thus this great agency for disseminating the Scriptures pursues and enlarges its works."

NOT AS WE

By Ian Gordon

A PIPE on which Almighty God may sound?
His instrument? Nay, 'tis a bruisèd reed,
Trampled of men; to say that He has need
Of such an one, broken, upon the ground,
This surely is presumption. We have found
New stems, well formed, most apt to render meed
Of service, and to sing His praise indeed:
These will He use, and let His name resound.

Not so, my son. God judgeth not as we;
The bruisèd reed will He not break, but heal
With utter gentleness, that it may be
Beautiful in His service. Heavenly Might
Sets on weak foolish man His royal seal:
So great a value have we in His sight!

—*The New Outlook, Toronto.*

FOR A CIVIL MARRIAGE, TOO

A WEDDING IN A LION'S CAGE does not suggest holy matrimony.

In fact, says a rector who stands aghast at the levity, it is a piece of exhibitionism, a vulgar exploitation, having no relation at all to the tremendous obligations assumed.

A wedding in a church which has been turned into a "flower show," which has been selected because the aisle is wide enough for the gay procession, or because it is the sanctuary of the fashionable, is little better. The far-flung decorations make it difficult to realize that it is "the House of God," or that a religious service is taking place there. The ceremony is reduced to a pagan rite. One might almost say that the couple have been married under false pretenses, writes Dr. Caleb R. Stetson in *The American Church Monthly* (Episcopal). "They did not know quite what they were getting into." Few there are, indeed, he says, who realize that marriage is not merely a personal matter, but entails responsibilities to society at large and to the children who may be born, as well as to each other.

"When marriage becomes a transient experience or an experiment," says Dr. Stetson, "there can be no such thing as a family or a home, and ordered social life, even civilization as we know it, is undermined."

Dr. Stetson, who is rector of wealthy Trinity Church, New York, thinks that the churches are in some degree responsible for the present chaotic condition into which marriage has fallen, and for the prevailing lack of reverence and respect for Christian marriage, for the vows lightly taken and as lightly broken, and he suggests that there be two ceremonies—a civil marriage for all, which would satisfy those who merely desire legalization, and a religious ceremony in addition for those who wish to have their union sanctioned and blest by the Church. This would relieve the churches of being party to the marriage of those who have no notion of its solemnity and no intention to maintain its obligations if it interferes with their fleshly desires, and at the same time maintain the religious function for those who regard marriage as a sacrament.

A foot-note informs us that Dr. Stetson's article is a report submitted to the Commission on Marriage and Divorce by one of its subcommittees. It is not, we are told, a conclusion accepted by the members of the Commission, but a suggestion which the Commission regards as worthy of serious consideration, and on which it desires the opinions of ministers and of laymen and laywomen of all the churches.

"If the Church marries indiscriminately all who come to her, how can she be expected to be responsible for people who have no connection with any church?" asks Dr. Stetson. "This condition is not fair to the Church nor to the non-church people she has united in matrimony." He notes that when a separation or a divorce is asked for, the Church has nothing to say in the matter. "The Church accepts the State's direction with regard to marriage, but can not accept the State's ruling with regard to divorce and remarriage." He advocates, then, a clear distinction between the functions of State and Church in the marriage contract, and goes on:

"Why not acknowledge what we know to be facts?

"Why lower the dignity of the marriage service by admitting to it those who we know very well have had no proper training in religion or Christian morals, and who are entering the marriage state 'unadvisedly, lightly,' and not 'in the fear of God'?

"I should like to see the ministers of all denominations

> relieved of the burden and responsibility of acting as civil officers and agents of the State in marrying people. I should like to have the clergyman set free from State direction—free to minister to his own people as God's agent in blessing the marriage of those who, as members of the Church, have been taught the blessings and responsibilities of marriage and desire God's help and grace given by Him for this state of life.
>
> "It would be quite possible, and I think advisable, to separate the civil contract of marriage from the ordinance of holy matrimony, which is clearly intended to be sacramental in character—a service or act through which divine grace is imparted to those who in faith and honesty of purpose come to receive that grace.
>
> "The civil contract must, of course, be authorized by the State, and there must in every case be a 'civil marriage.' I should advocate that all persons go to the civil officer for this civil marriage.
>
> "Those who have been instructed in the Christian religion and are members of a church would not be satisfied with this legalization of their union. They would wish to have their union sanctioned and blest by the Church, and they would want the grace of Almighty God to lift legal marriage into the spiritual union of holy matrimony.
>
> "I am advocating two distinct ceremonies: the civil wedding, before a civil officer, and the religious service in church, performed by a minister of religion; the civil marriage necessary in all cases, the religious ceremony for those who wish it and are prepared for its blessing."

The great problem for the Christian Church, says Dr. Stetson, is to care for her own people:

> "As it is now, we marry any one, more or less indiscriminately, lose sight of them at once, and then 'decry divorce.'
>
> "The Church can not be responsible for the unchurched multitudes who are now married by her ministers, and she certainly has no possible control over them, however much easy and frequent divorce may be frowned on. If we should marry only our own people, then we might readily consider very seriously the vexed problems of the unsuccessful marriage, divorce, annulment, and remarriage. Now we are utterly helpless, and can only talk about stricter divorce laws and federal enactments.
>
> "We are not going to stop divorce by stricter laws or more laws. We can do something to stop it by education before marriage, and by sane and wise regulations concerning the marriage of Christian people.
>
> "We must begin somewhere.
>
> "The obvious place to begin is at home, with our own young people.
>
> "We must begin to deal with them and educate them, and then we shall be in a better position to attack the vastly difficult problem of the unchurched multitude."

Dr. Stetson's restrictions might keep away triflers seeking social prestige, observes the Springfield *Republican*, but, it argues:

> "Such people are not going to think more kindly of the Church, and the Church is not going to extend its contacts with society if it denies its services to those who seek them. Dr. Stetson may be troubled by the number of socially exalted marriages solemnized in church which end in divorce. But divorce is so well established in America that it is a question whether any of the Protestant Churches would gain in social service by resolutely refusing to marry divorced persons. The churches will probably strengthen their position by thinking of themselves as agencies through which the nation can express itself on its religious side."

THE "MASSACRE" OF THE INNOCENTS—Bear-baiting and cock-fighting were practised with impunity in England a few centuries ago.

Now they are forbidden by law, a law supported by public opinion.

But their place has been taken by another form of cruelty—cub-hunting, the practise by which young fox-hounds are trained for chasing fox cubs and tearing them to pieces. This "massacre of the innocents," the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) informs us, takes place in the early fall, a few months prior to the regular hunting season, and we read:

> "It is sheer murder. The frightened whelps haven't a chance, for their earths are stopt against them. A veteran is quoted as saying that the two objects of cub-hunting are to 'train' the hounds and 'thoroughly frighten' the cubs.
>
> "'When there are only one or two cubs left in a covert,' he adds, 'the huntsman should concentrate the pack on one cub and stick to him till they kill him. A great fuss should then be made at baying the fox and encouraging the young hounds, as I firmly believe the more savage a pack is at breaking up their fox the more determinedly will they run to kill him.'
>
> "Men and women, even boys and girls, take pleasure in this bloody business, and 'The League for the Prohibition of Cruel Sports' is making an uphill fight to arouse public opinion against the brutalizing pastime, which has nothing to plead in its own justification except that it is one of the British traditions."

MODERN PEACE-MAKERS

THE LITTLE WOMAN nervously twisted a wedding-ring about her finger.

The plain little band had meant so much to her when she first put it on. But now the bond of which it was the symbol was broken, she told the three judges before her.

They had quarreled over her bobbed hair and the kind of clothes she wore, she said. And her husband had picked up his belongings and left her.

"What do you want us to do, Mrs. X?" asked a "judge."

"I want him to come back," she replied. "And if he won't do that, I want him to pay for my doctor, so I can get well and get a job. I've been just sort of hanging on and trying to keep our house together so his chair and things would be there when he came back."

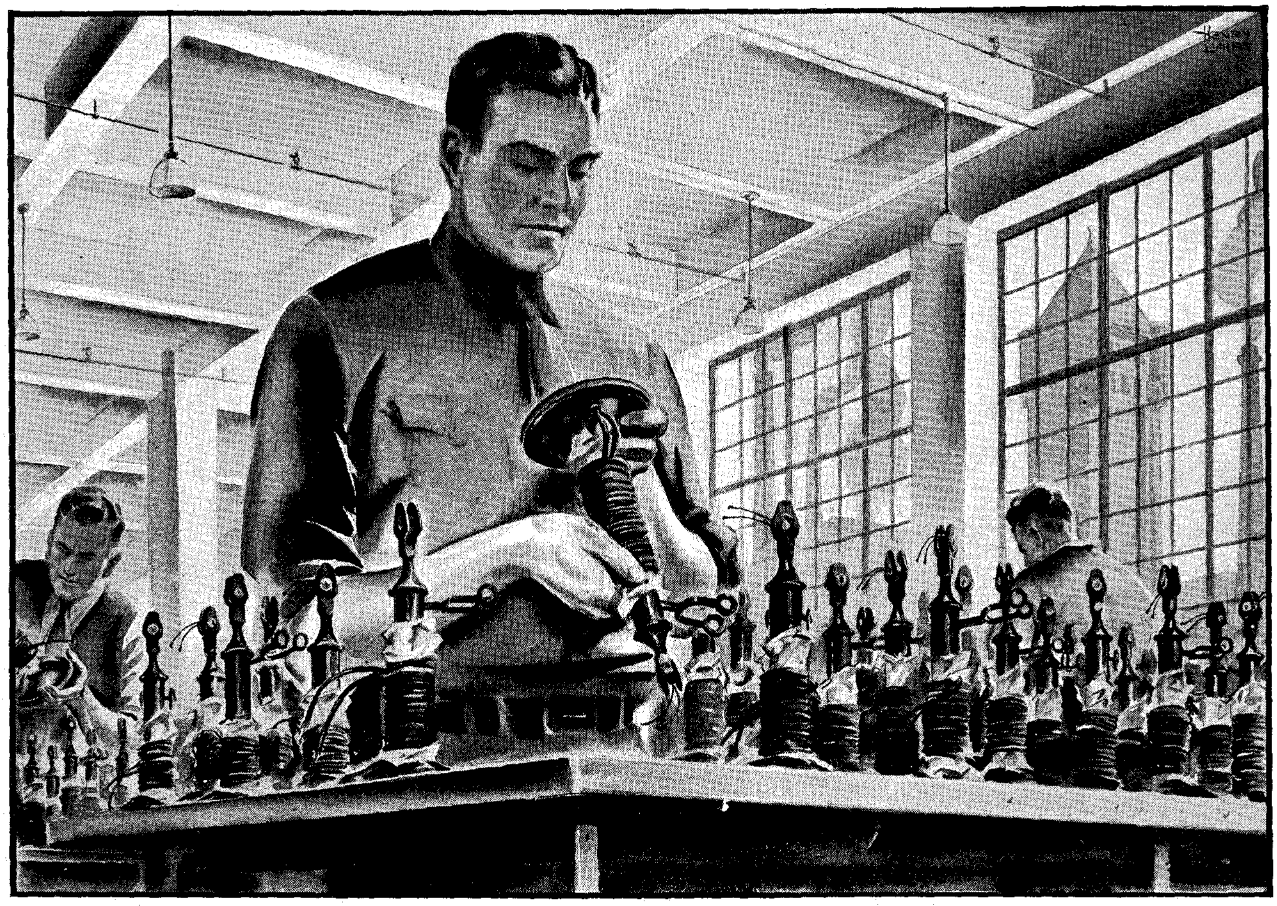
The "judges" deliberated on her case after she had been sent from the room, and decided to attempt to bring her husband to the good-will court and effect a reconciliation.

And that little story, told by Adelaide Kerr, an Associated Press staff writer, shows how the good-will court, established by the Community Church in New York, of which the Rev. John Haynes Holmes is the pastor, is functioning. The court has no legal standing. It will aim to adjust disputes between individuals so that recourse to the civil courts will not be necessary. There will be no fees, and all the "judges" give their service free of charge. They sit once a week. A different group of "judges," selected because of their special fitness, sits each week and, we read in the published statement of Joseph Ernest McAfee, director of the community service of the church:

> "The court is thus able to deal expertly with four types of cases, which may be roughly classified as employment disagreements, strained social relations, general financial and business differences, and mental conflicts.
>
> "Psychologists and health experts generally recognize that many physical and social diseases spring from embittered personal relations. These become centers from which infection spreads through the whole spiritual nature. Any one who cherishes a grudge or a sense of injustice in his relations with others is breeding evils in his own life and in the life of the community at large.
>
> "He owes it to himself, and it is one of his obligations as a citizen, to have these difficulties cleared up as soon and as effectively as possible."

Here, says the Boston *Daily Globe*, is a possibility that more broken relationships may be healed outside the usual course of the law than within it. For—

> "The law is of necessity professional and formal. Once papers are served a bridge seems to have been burned. The parties concerned become worse than strangers, and they are not likely to be permitted to forget this, as they are coached by counsel to present the strongest case possible.
>
> "It may be that amateurs, animated solely by good-will and believing in its power, may show themselves able to be of great assistance in picking up the pieces caused by quarrels and misunderstandings.
>
> "As a matter of fact, courts of law do not accomplish much along this line unless they have been modified with a view to dealing with human nature as it really is. Courts may assess damages after hearing a case. They may pass sentence upon the defendant if found guilty. They may decree that alimony be paid, but good-will is not a commodity with which they deal, except when, in certain rare instances, a judge persuades the contending parties to drop the case and try a new start by themselves."



THE WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY SEARCHES THE WORLD FOR MATERIALS AND FASHIONS THEM INTO THE EQUIPMENT OF A NATION-WIDE TELEPHONE SYSTEM

That time and distance may be subject to your voice

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE Bell Telephone System shapes the stuff of the earth to your communication needs. It delves into the forces and methods that enable you to project your voice where you wish. It searches the world for the materials needed to put its discoveries at your command, and fashions them into the connected parts of a nation-wide system. It has dotted the nation with exchanges, and joined them and the connecting companies with the wires and cables which enable you to talk with anyone, anywhere.

Each of the 24 operating companies of the Bell System is attuned to the needs of its area. Each is local to the people it serves and backed by national resources in research, methods and manufacture. Each has the services of the staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is continually developing improvements in telephone operation. Each has the advantage of the specialized production of the Western Electric Company. This production embodies the results achieved by the scientific staff of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, one of the great industrial research institutions of the world.

Your telephone company is in a position to offer you the service which you have today because the Bell System is organized to meet your growing communication needs with increasing satisfaction and economy.

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

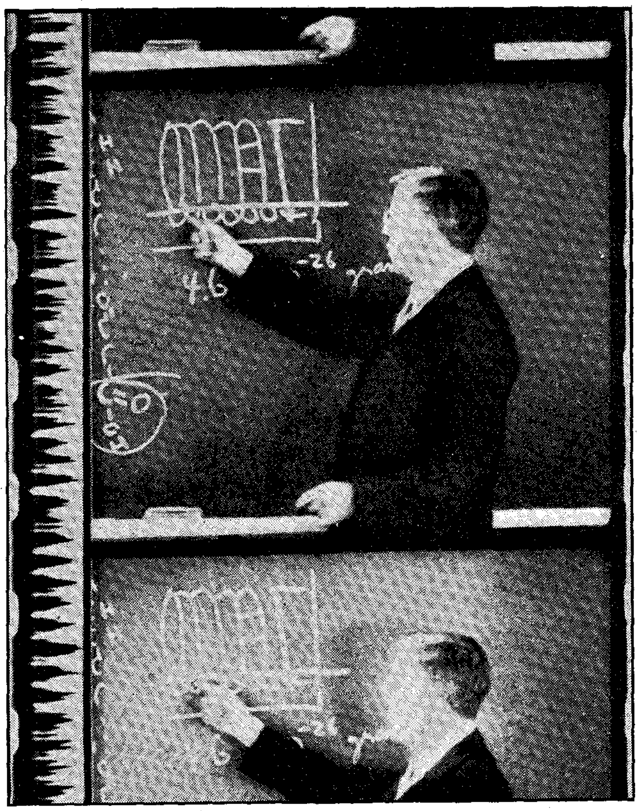
EDUCATION BY TALKIE

SHALL WE DO OUR FUTURE TEACHING by talkie? John W. Hammond of the General Electric Company thinks it probable.

We already have the means to accomplish it.

Through the magic of the printing-press the thoughts of men live after them, says Mr. Hammond. And now the audible voices and the visible deeds of men, properly synchronized and related, are to be perpetuated beyond the span of earthly life. He goes on:

"This suggests a great future for the talking motion-picture; and, by the same token, a revolutionary innovation in education.



Courtesy of the General Electric Company

A "TALKIE" LECTURE BY DR. LANGMUIR

Note the sound track at the left.

"It is quite likely that the newspapers of 1950 will say, when reporting the commencement exercises at Harvard, Yale, Princeton or other universities, 'the graduating class was addrest by the late Prof. Albert Einstein, who conducted experiments illustrating his theory of the fourth dimension.'

"Or, on some other occasion of that period, the reporter may write (as he could with perfect accuracy): 'Sir Oliver Lodge, who died several years ago, spoke to the audience on "Action of Forces in Space," and conducted several interesting experiments during his address.' Sir Oliver Lodge will be quite capable of doing this—without resorting to a demonstration of his favorite doctrine of spiritualism—for this identical lecture of his is now on record as a talking-picture film, and has already been given several times in America while Sir Oliver himself was going about his daily affairs in England.

"Such possibilities will become of supreme importance in education.

"The applications need not be confined to the college classroom or to university ceremonies.

"President Hoover may dedicate a monument to-morrow, or address a convention next week; he may repeat the procedure twenty, thirty, fifty or a hundred years hence, if he and the occasion are deemed of sufficient historic importance to warrant the repetition. Most likely he will not be alive fifty years hence—but the people of that period will see and hear him, none the less. It is exactly the same as if we to-day could hear and see Abraham Lincoln delivering his famous Gettysburg Address, or George Washington taking the oath of office as first President of the United States.

"What this will mean for posterity can be rather vividly realized by contemplating what it would mean to each of us if such an invention could have been made use of during the centuries past. No intelligent person would fail to feel a thrill if he were to hear and see Alexander the Great on 'How I Conquered the World'; or Julius Cæsar on 'Intimacies of Roman Politics'; or Socrates in his conversations with Plato on improving the soul; or Shakespeare on 'How I Became a Playwright,' or old Doctor Johnson in a series of dialogs with Boswell in his lodgings off Fleet Street."

A recent demonstration described by Mr. Hammond appears finally convincing. An audience of three hundred at the Carnegie Institution of Technology in Pittsburgh recently saw what education might become, when four eminent scientists appeared before them, talked to them and conducted investigations and demonstrations through the medium of the talking motion-picture. These talking-pictures were made by General Electric engineers, with photophone equipment of the Radio Corporation of America, in the laboratories of the scientists, who conducted their original laboratory experiments to illustrate their lectures. To quote again:

"In this manner there appeared and talked before the audience three English scientists and one American. Sir Oliver Lodge spoke on 'Action of Forces in Space'; Sir Ernest Rutherford on 'The Constitution and Transformation of the Elements'; and Sir William Bragg on 'Arrangement of Atoms and Molecules in Crystals.' The American scientist Dr. Irving Langmuir lectured on 'Oil Films on Water.'

"These talking-screen lectures were every bit as graphic as original addresses.

"The audience would have seen no more and would have heard no more if the lecturers had been physically present. Indeed, they might actually have seen less because, by utilizing the device of the movie 'close-up,' the screen lecture enables every one in the audience to stand at the lecturer's side and observe at arm's length the details of the experiments. In effect, spectators in far corners of the hall found themselves in the front row.

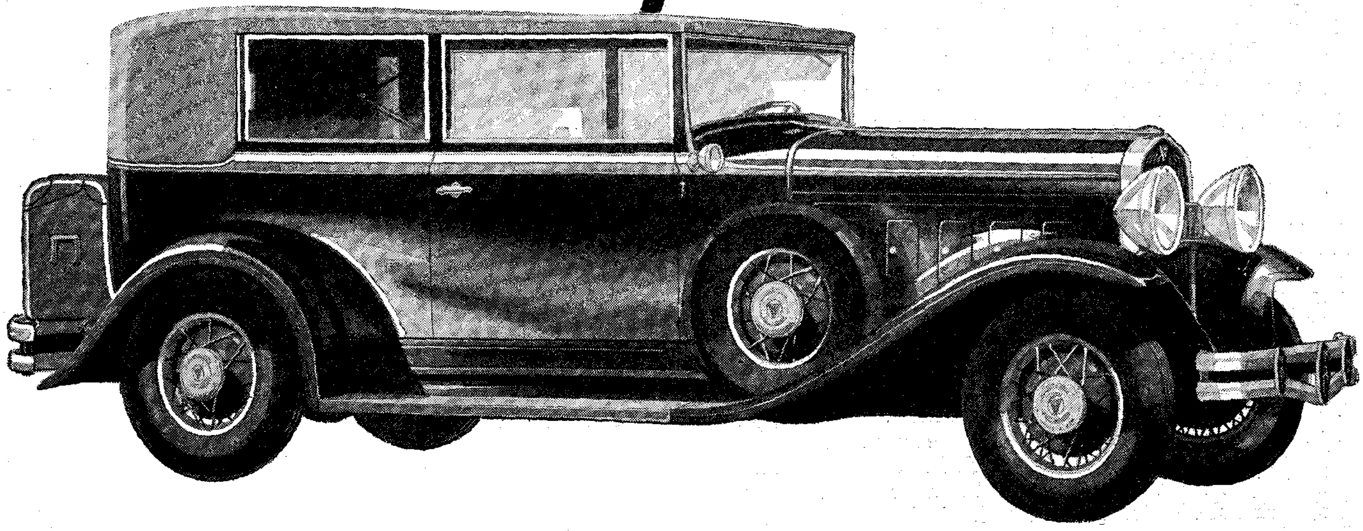
"Thus, when Sir Oliver Lodge touched a coil of stiff wire fixt in an upright position, causing it to vibrate, a close-up of the wire made it appear no farther away than a mere finger's reach. And when he showed how a swinging pendulum is suddenly slowed up when passing through a magnetic field, the apparatus and the experiment seemed to every one in the audience to be within a few feet.

"Similarly, when Dr. Langmuir conducted experiments with a tray of water, the tray and everything that happened to its contents was brought close to the gaze. No one had to crane his neck or strain his eyesight.

"These advantages, added to the vivid impression of the lecturer's personality, made these lectures stimulating to a pronounced degree, as well as highly educational. All this can be rendered available to future generations, not alone to college students, but to the public in general. Obviously, however, some definite agency will be needed whose business it will be to obtain the pictures and maintain a library of the films. An educational Hollywood will have to be established, from which the innumerable company of distinguished men and women of the past will come forth upon demand to reenact the deeds and restate the thoughts that made them famous while alive.

"In the original home of the poet Browning in London—now preserved as a literary landmark—a concealed phonograph permits visitors to hear one of his best-known poems recited in the poet's own voice. By means of the other reproducing medium a complete motion-picture record of the recent Edison electric-light celebration at Dearborn, Michigan, will always be at the disposal of generations to come. But the supreme heritage, in the way of an historical record, will be achieved—is already being achieved—when voice and picture are united in reproducing through both senses important occasions and portraying prominent personages of an age that has gone before."

HUDSON'S
Great 8



Fascinating, Brilliant, Economical — a totally new type Eight

HUDSON'S Great Eight is totally different. It is the car ahead and the pattern of the future. Hudson pioneers a new field. This new design is its discovery and reward.

It strikes off the shackles of bulk and useless weight—as in new airplane design—with greater horsepower in proportion to weight—and even greater economy. ¶ Thus power has a chance to be free, spontaneous and effective. It gives smooth, effortless performance and a soaring sensation in motion that many veterans call quite the finest thing in motordom. Engineers have long sought smoothness like this—a car that makes hills and levels all like constant coasting. This new Hudson looks every inch the great car that it is—beautiful, distinctive, charmingly inviting and hospitable. And every chassis and body detail is designed to be worthy of its leadership. You will not hesitate to acknowledge remarkable achievement in every particular of this new type Eight. But perhaps your greatest wonder will be that it is all accomplished without sacrifice of Hudson's well-known price advantage.

FEATURES

Great power in proportion to weight • Low set motor—straight line drive • Ten body types on two chassis lengths • Four 2-way shock absorbers • Engine starter on dash • Electrolock—electric oil and fuel gauge • Radiator shutters • Spare tire carrier in front fender • Tire lock • Luggage carrier • Your own choice of many colors at no extra cost.

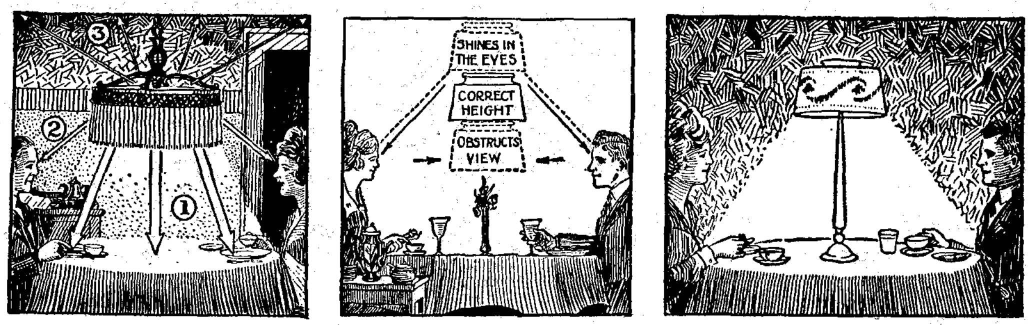
HOW COMMON THINGS WORK—V

LIGHTING FIXTURES AND THEIR ARRANGEMENT

MYSTERIOUS HEADACHES AND EYE-TROUBLES may find their source in a harmless-looking light-fixture.

Perhaps a new shade or a six-inch shift of the light will cure irritability and "nerves," restore peace and harmony, and do for the home what the Kellogg peace pact hopes to do for a warring world.

Dr. Frederick A. Osborn tells us in his "Physics of the Home" (McGraw-Hill) that some of the fundamentals to be observed in lighting-arrangement are, first, that the light should produce eye comfort; no glare or great brilliancy; no extreme contrasts. Second, the lighting fixture should be as much a part of the room as the draperies, the carpet, or the furniture. We read further:



GOOD OR BAD ILLUMINATION, DEPENDING UPON THE POSITION OF THE LIGHT

"The usual types of lamps are not only unsatisfactory when bare, but produce serious eye-strain, and globes, shades and reflectors are used to improve them in the following ways:

"1. To decrease the intrinsic brilliancy of the illuminant.
"2. To control the distribution of the light.
"3. To soften the shadows, lessen contrasts.
"4. To give some decorative effect to the lamp.

"All modern illuminants are too high in intrinsic brilliancy, and direct light from the lamp should never reach the eye.

"Globes and shades tend to reduce intrinsic brilliancy partly by absorbing some of the light, and more by increasing the areas of the luminous source. In general, when the outline of the filament can be seen distinctly through the shade, it will not reduce the brilliancy a satisfactory amount.

"Good illumination is one of the most important factors in the conservation of eyesight and in producing eye comfort. Glare, on the other hand, is not only the most common and serious defect in lighting, but it is least understood. Glare is dazzling light which confuses the sight. In physiological terms, glare is the discomfort of the visual functions due to light out of place.

"The chief factors in producing glare are excessive brightness, excessive volume of light, and excessive contrast.

"A birthday cake lighted with small candles can produce great eye discomfort, altho the intrinsic brilliancy is low, and so is the total amount of light. The nearness to the source allows a too great volume of light to enter the eye.

"The first two glare factors may be absent, and yet glare may come from excessive contrast. A brilliantly lighted dinner table with a dimly lighted dining-room can produce eye discomfort and eye-strain, resulting in a bad headache the morning after. Students frequently study in a dark room with an excessively lighted study table. Again glare results.

"As the angle between the source and the eye decreases, the glare becomes more serious, and it will be a maximum when one is looking directly at the source. For any given angle the glare is greatest when the light source is below the eye and least when it is above the eye."

Injurious effects of glare are stated to be: temporary lessening of vision, which may be serious if the eye is frequently subjected to glare; discomfort, and finally fatigue and strain, of which the writer says:

"The most serious effect of glare comes in most cases from lights which are not excessive in brightness or amount and are therefore not recognized as glare sources. The final effect of eye-strain is not produced at once. The glare due to reflection from highly polished surfaces is especially bad. Glass, polished wood, and high-gloss paper are the chief sources."

The three types of lighting—direct, semi-indirect and indirect, are then described. In the direct type, we are told, the light comes directly from the source to the place where used:

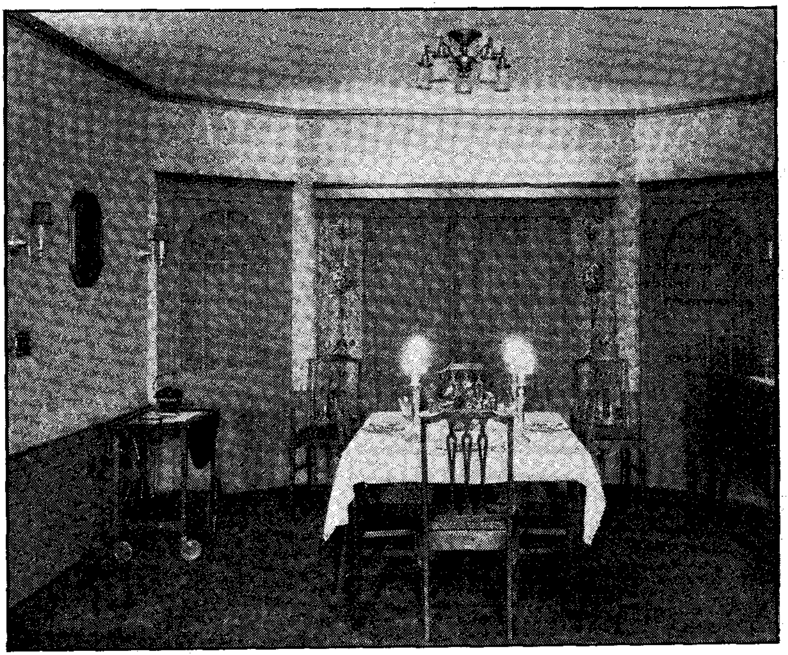
"Glare by reflection from polished or glossy surfaces can be easily produced by this type, and strong shadows are present when too few units are used. This type will give high intensity on the working plane for a given candle-power lamp, and is therefore the most economical. When the sources of light are mounted high, and the separate units properly spaced and equipped with shades or reflectors of correct design, the direct-lighting type may be satisfactory.

"*Semi-indirect Lighting*—The semi-indirect unit is a lighting device employing a diffusing or translucent medium to direct most of the light to the walls or ceiling to be redirected for use, a part of the light being diffused through this medium.

"The essential feature of this unit is an inverted bowl of fairly large diameter, the inside of which is polished and the outside rough. The lamp is suspended in the bowl, and is completely hidden. The light is partly reflected from the inside of the bowl to the walls and ceiling, which in turn diffusely reflects it to the walls and downward. A part of the light is transmitted through the bowl, largely in the downward direction as directed light and to a limited degree as diffused light.

"The combination of the diffusely reflected light from the ceiling and the direct light through the bowl produces a soft, diffused light with enough variation in intensity and distribution to break up any monotony in the lighting effect. There is a danger of the bowl being too transparent or the lamp too high candle-power for the bowl, in which case a bad condition of glare may result. A unit which transmits about 25 per cent. and reflects to the ceiling about 75 per cent. of the light will usually be free from glare.

"*Indirect Lighting*—In this type the fixture directs all the light to the ceiling. This type gives a very soft, diffused light in the room, not unlike daylight. There are few, if any, shadows or strong contrasts, and some object to this feature. In cost of operation the indirect system is greater than the semi-indirect system. The difference in the costs of operation of the three systems, however, is not great enough to be a factor in deciding on which to install. It will be evident that the semi-direct and indirect systems both require a ceiling that is white, or nearly so, if absorption is not to be large."



Courtesy of the General Electric Company, Cleveland

INDIRECT LIGHTING IN THE DINING-ROOM

Something to it

There's something to a dentifrice that wins leadership in 4 years. **LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE, 25¢.**

In nasty weather WATCH YOUR THROAT

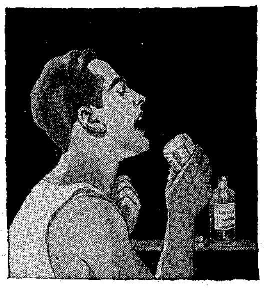
WHY not make an effort to escape colds and sore throat during the months of February and March when these troubles seem to strike everyone?

Simply try gargling every day with undiluted Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Many thousands report the efficacy of this treatment.

Ordinary colds and sore throat are infections caused by germs multiplying in the mouth and throat. When the body is weakened by wet feet, sudden changes of temperature, over-heating, over-exertion, and chills, these germs get the upper hand.

By gargling with Listerine you help nature combat them. For full strength Listerine is fatal to germs.

Laboratory tests show that full strength Listerine destroys even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. Yet Listerine is absolutely safe to use this way. In addition, it soothes and heals the most delicate tissues. We are prepared to prove these claims to the entire satisfaction of the U. S. Government and the medical profession.



Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat, and checks it, should it develop.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and use it every day as an aid in preventing infections of the mouth, nose and throat. Increase the frequency of the gargle, should any such infection gain a foothold. You will be delighted to find how often it relieves a trying condition. If it does not, consult your physician. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE The Safe Antiseptic

Kills 200,000,000 *germs in* 15 *seconds*

THIS WILL BE SMALLPOX YEAR

AT LEAST IN OHIO, if we may believe the State health officials.

Cases have been increasing steadily, preventive measures have been neglected, and the State is like a dry grass-grown prairie, ready to be fanned into flame when the spark falls.

These somewhat alarming statements are made in the *Ohio Health News* (Columbus), the organ of the Ohio Board of Health, under the heading "Smallpox Waves Advance." We read on the first page:

"With 1,810 cases of smallpox reported in Ohio for the ten weeks ended January 31, there is ample indication that this is to be a smallpox year.

"This record is the culmination of a long and fairly uniform line of increases that began about midsummer.

"During the ten weeks period under consideration, there were only three weeks in which there were apparent recessions from the high tide of the week before, and there is internal evidence that the declines were due, not to fewer cases but to delay in reporting. The record is one that is not pleasant to contemplate.

"There is an apparent total of 1,810, but it is only apparent. Delayed reports may be expected to increase it appreciably. After one weekly report had been made up, twenty-seven case cards were received, in one batch, from one city. These were necessarily carried into the next week.

"Concealed cases also are a factor.

"It is rare indeed that a medical inspector from the State Department of Health goes out on a smallpox investigation without discovering cases that have been hidden away.

"Faulty diagnosis adds to the factor of error.

"There are still physicians who seem unable to differentiate between typical cases of smallpox and chicken-pox, and, unhappily, there are still physicians who believe in 'influenza with rash,' 'water-brash,' etc.

"Back of the whole unhappy—and exceedingly menacing—situation is a wide-spread, unreasonable and unreasoning opposition to vaccination, the only sure safeguard against the most loathsome of diseases.

"The result is that when smallpox incidence is low, virtually nothing is done, except in scattered localities, where boards of education have been educated—usually by sad experience—as to the necessity of preventive measures, or where the health commissioner is strong enough to dominate the situation. When the smallpox tide begins to rise, it becomes easier, in the more progressive localities, to promote a campaign of prevention; but at the same time the 'antis' become more vigorous, and make difficult and thorny the path of the capable, energetic health commissioner whose heart is in his work.

"Happily, only one death has been recorded during this epidemic, and nearly all the cases have been mild; but the State, with respect to this disease, is like a prairie on which the buffalo-grass has cured into standing hay under the late summer sun and wind—a field of tinder, ready to burst into conflagration at a hundred points when conditions are ripe. This is a threat of disaster that becomes increasingly imminent as the milder incidence increases and spreads. In other words, the seed-beds of virulent smallpox, of either or both its worst types, are not only immanent, but growing; and only the breaking through is needed for the State to reap a harvest of death.

"Despite all the handicaps of lethargy, public indifference, and active individual opposition, most health commissioners are doing yeoman work, backed by intelligent driving force. They are running down and vaccinating contacts; enforcing isolation; winning their school boards over to compulsory vaccination; backing up the great body of the medical profession, whose attitude is correct and whose energy is abundant, and, where needed, giving to the relatively few complaisant doctors that meed of encouragement, or actual pressure, that is essential to bring them into active cooperation. Such health officers as these, who are 'carrying on' with all energy and full appreciation of the gravity of the situation, constitute a tower of strength in putting through the great task of smallpox prevention."

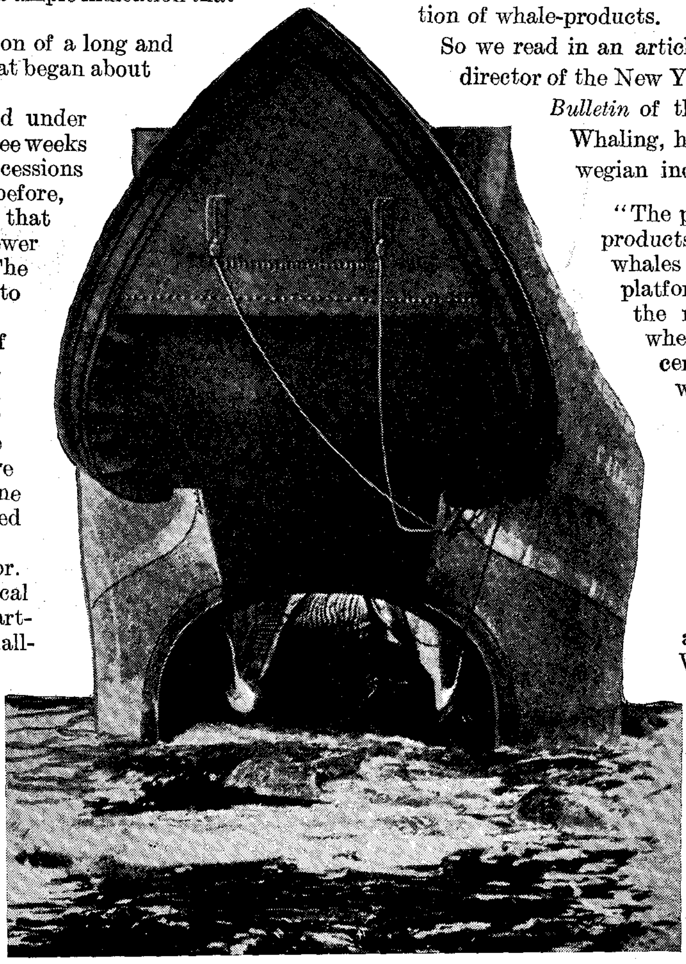
FLOATING WHALE FACTORIES

SOME ULTRA-MODERN WHALING METHODS would make the old New Bedford whalers stare.

The whale-fishery has been industrialized.

The modern whaler is often a floating factory for the preparation of whale-products.

So we read in an article by Charles Haskin Townsend, director of the New York Aquarium, contributed to *The Bulletin* of the New York Zoological Society. Whaling, he tells us, is now largely a Norwegian industry. He writes:



A SHIP THAT SWALLOWS WHALES

"The preparation of oil and other whale products at well-equipped stations where whales are dragged bodily onto flensing platforms has long been in practise in the many regions north and south where whales are taken. More recently this method has been giving way to the use of floating factories, while shore stations are being abandoned as local supplies of whales become exhausted. Factory vessels are readily sent to favorable whaling regions, accompanied by their steam hunting-boats. The oil obtained is stored on board until it can be transferred to other vessels or landed at favorable shipping points. While all products derived from whales, such as oil, fertilizer, bone-meal, and canned meat, are utilized at stations located on shore, the floating factory, except in the case of a very large one, is as yet able to reduce the oil only, other products being rejected for lack of space required for their preparation on board.

"The floating factories, as originally constructed, cut up the whales brought alongside by hunting-boats and hoisted all parts on board. The larger vessels now being built are provided with slips, usually located at the stern, above the propellers, through which all whales are pulled on board before being cut up.

"Some of the factory steamers already in use exceed 12,000 tons in size.

"A new vessel of more than 22,000 tons recently began operations in the Ross Sea section of the Antarctic.

"This vessel, the *Kosmos*, is accompanied by seven steam hunting-boats and an airplane. The *Kosmos* is reported to have two working decks, one for oil production and one for the preparation of fertilizer. There is also equipment for the canning of whale-meat.

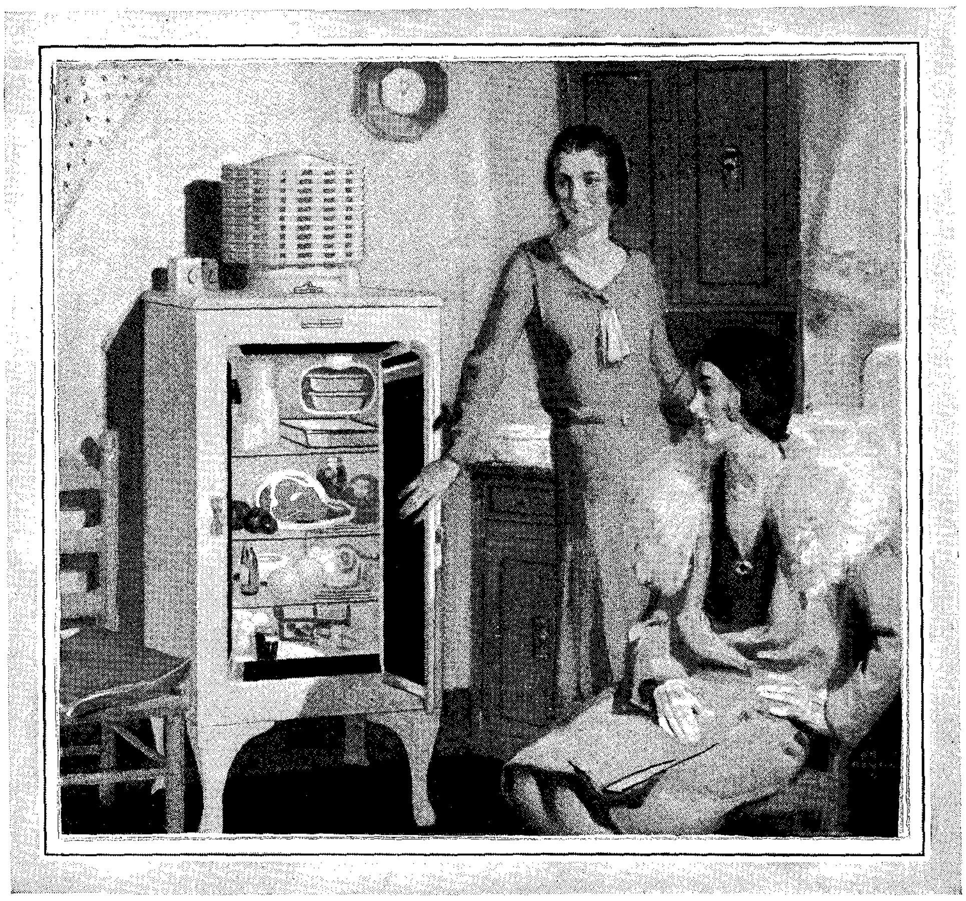
"Floating factories are equipped for radio communication with their hunting-boats. The larger ones can dispose of six or eight large blue whales a day, and more than twice as many of the smaller kinds.

"The larger blue whales may yield as much as seventy-five barrels of oil apiece, humpbacks and fin-whales about half as much. The yield of oil depends upon the condition of the whale captured.

"The whaling industry of to-day is conducted with enormously expensive equipment, but yields accordingly greater profits. The value of whale-oil is, moreover, greater than ever before, being at present worth about $26 a barrel. The bulk of it is used in soap-making industries, which are indeed competing in the purchase of it in large quantities. The supply of oil is frequently negotiated for in advance of the season's catch. Whaling as now carried on is largely a Norwegian industry. The greater part of the catch is made in Antarctic waters, amounting to about 70 per cent. of the catch in all parts of the world."

DRURY COLLEGE
Springfield, Mo.

It is not only quiet now . . . but will remain quiet *always*



because
all the machinery
is sealed up tight,
hermetically sealed
. . . and permanently
oiled

What a lot of claims you hear these days about quiet refrigerators! Almost *any* good refrigerator is quiet—when it is new. But how are you going to pick the one that will *remain* quiet?

Step into a General Electric showroom, and your question will be answered *forever.* There you will see how quietly a General Electric Refrigerator may be expected to run in your own home—not merely for a week or two, but *always.*

On top of each General Electric Refrigerator you will see a round steel casing scarcely bigger than a hat box. Within that casing there is sealed the entire mechanism that will operate the General Electric Refrigerator for *years*—quietly, economically, dependably—without a thought or worry.

And sealed up with it is a *permanent* oil supply, which assures you of that same smooth quietness, that faultless operation, that utterly dependable service *always.* Dirt, that causes wear and noise, is shut outside forever. Moisture, rust—the beginnings of breakdowns and repairs—can never get within. General Electric mechanism is sealed up tight—*hermetically* sealed—not only against noise, but against trouble and expense.

For descriptive booklet, and our easy terms, write Section D-3, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

◆ ◆ ◆

OF THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF OWNERS, *NOT ONE* HAS PAID A CENT FOR SERVICE!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

W H E N B E T

Buick builds *extra thousands* of miles into every Buick . . .

that you may have finer performance as long as you drive your car. And motorists reward Buick by purchasing more than twice as many Buicks as any other car priced above $1200

When you buy that new car, will you face the months and miles ahead with *hope* or with *certainty?* Choose a Buick and you will have certainty. For a Buick holds scores of thousands of miles of as positive motoring satisfaction as it's possible to buy.

More and *Better* Miles

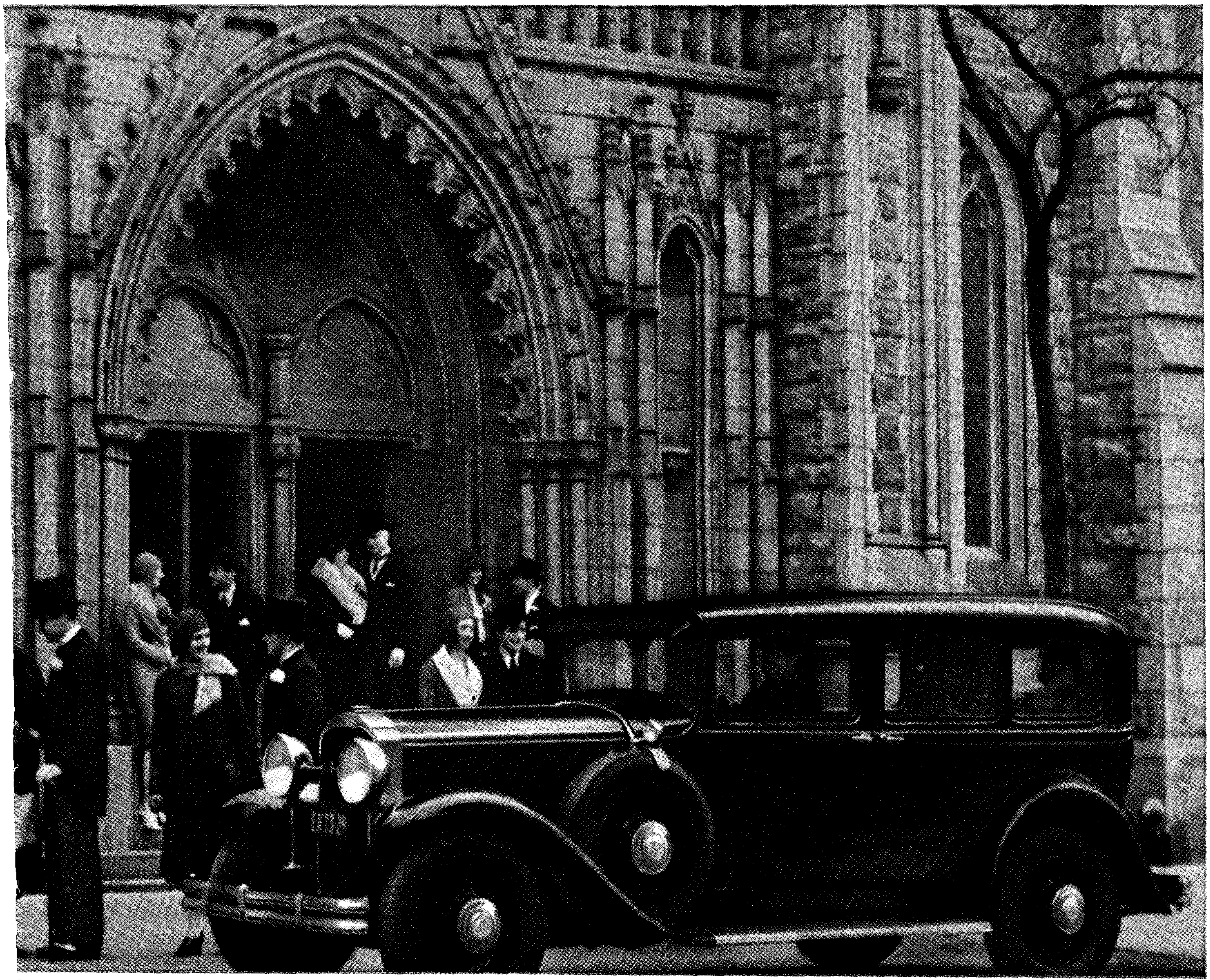
Miles! That's what you buy when you buy any car. The number of miles it holds, and the quality of those miles, determine its value. A Buick comes up to the 50,000-mile mark performing brilliantly, and with strength and stamina for many additional thousands. A Buick gives you *more* miles, and *better* miles, as over 2,400,000 Buicks have proved.

The Whole World Knows Buick Stamina

Consult the records. Realize that these 2,400,00 Buicks have delivered billions of miles of swift smooth, spirited performance. Realize that hundred of thousands of Buicks from 6 to 15 years of ag are still in service. Ask Buick owners, many o whom are driving Buicks with more than 100,00 miles on the speedometer. Stamina and long-ter brilliancy of action are Buick characteristic

Carefree Performance As Long As You Driv

And remember—you reap the benefit of Buick extra mileage whether you drive your Buic 10,000—50,000—or 100,000 miles. You reap t



R AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

enefit in finer, more faithful performance, mile fter mile and day after day. You obtain greater otoring satisfaction—*greater value all the way hrough*—because of the extra sturdiness which uick builds into the Buick Valve-in-Head engine nd into every unit of the Buick chassis.

So marked is public preference for this car that *two* people buy Buicks for every *one* buyer of any other car priced above $1200. Make certain of flawless performance and reliability today, and *continued* fine performance and *continued* value in the months and years to come. *Buy a Buick.*

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he finest motoring season of the year at hand. Buick's virile power and durance, together with the surpassg style, luxury and comfort of its odies by Fisher, make Buick the tstanding choice of fine car buyers.

Buick

* * *

Three series—three wheelbases—three price ranges, with 15 body types. Series 40: $1260 to $1330—Series 50: $1510 to $1540—Series 60: $1585 to $2070, f. o. b. factory. Special equipment extra. All available on the liberal G. M. A. C. time payment plan.

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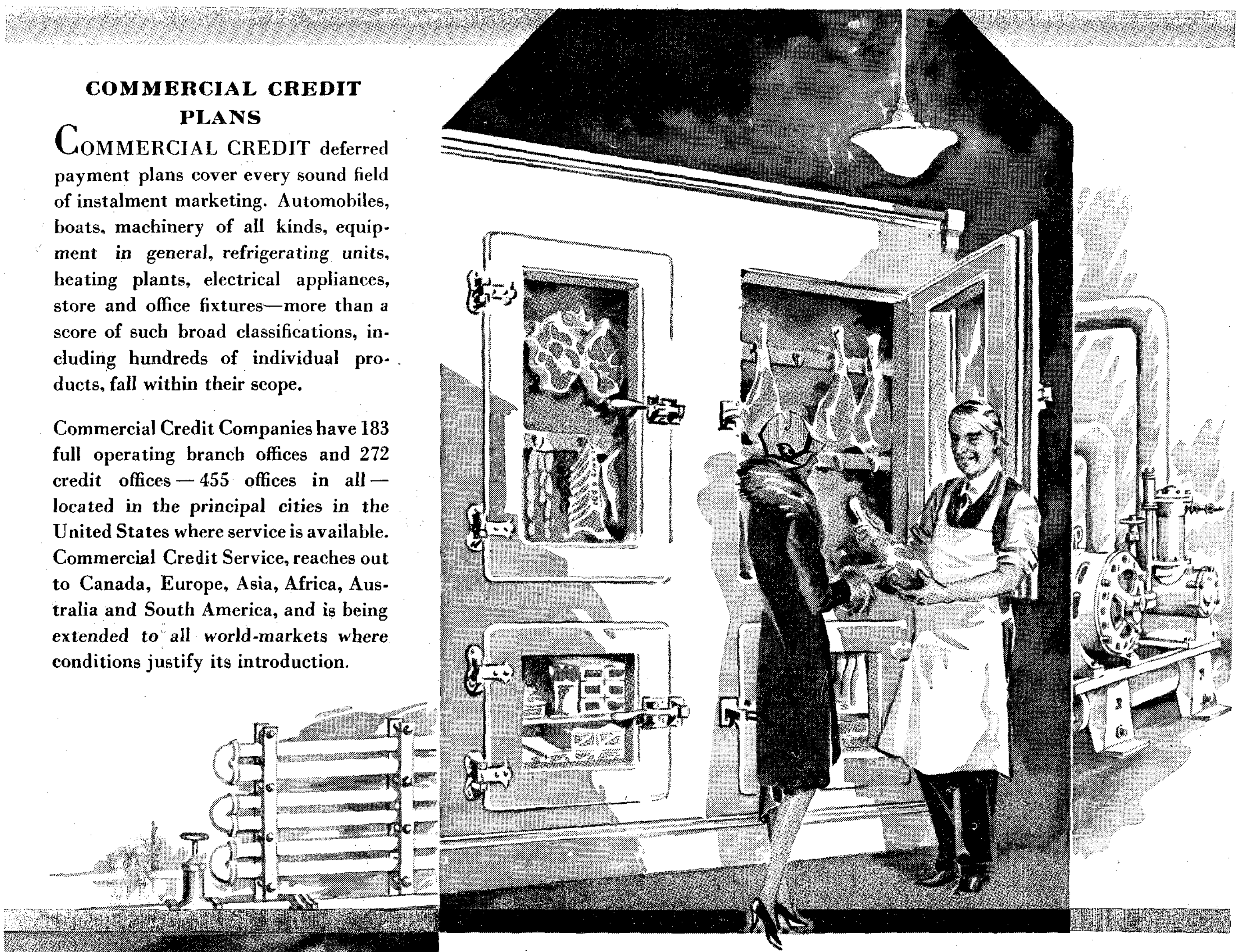
BUILDERS OF BUICK AND MARQUETTE MOTOR CARS



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COMMERCIAL CREDIT deferred payment plans cover every sound field of instalment marketing. Automobiles, boats, machinery of all kinds, equipment in general, refrigerating units, heating plants, electrical appliances, store and office fixtures—more than a score of such broad classifications, including hundreds of individual products, fall within their scope.

Commercial Credit Companies have 183 full operating branch offices and 272 credit offices — 455 offices in all — located in the principal cities in the United States where service is available. Commercial Credit Service, reaches out to Canada, Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and South America, and is being extended to all world-markets where conditions justify its introduction.

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MIDWEST COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY, Detroit, Des Moines, Milwaukee, Sioux Falls
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Wherever you are ~ *Whatever you make, sell, or buy* ~ *Investigate Commercial Credit Service*

BEASTS • BIRDS • AND • TREES

HOW HUNGRY MR. CROCODILE GOES AFTER HIS DINNER

DRAGONS guarding a princess in a fairy-tale might have waged such a combat!

Two grotesque monsters out of the antediluvian past lasht the water of the African river to white foam. It was one of "the strangest battles ever witnessed," and the watchers in the bushes looked on enthralled.

Round and round "the terrible, bloodthirsty creatures went, diving and plunging and lunging at each other as they maneuvered for a death grip."

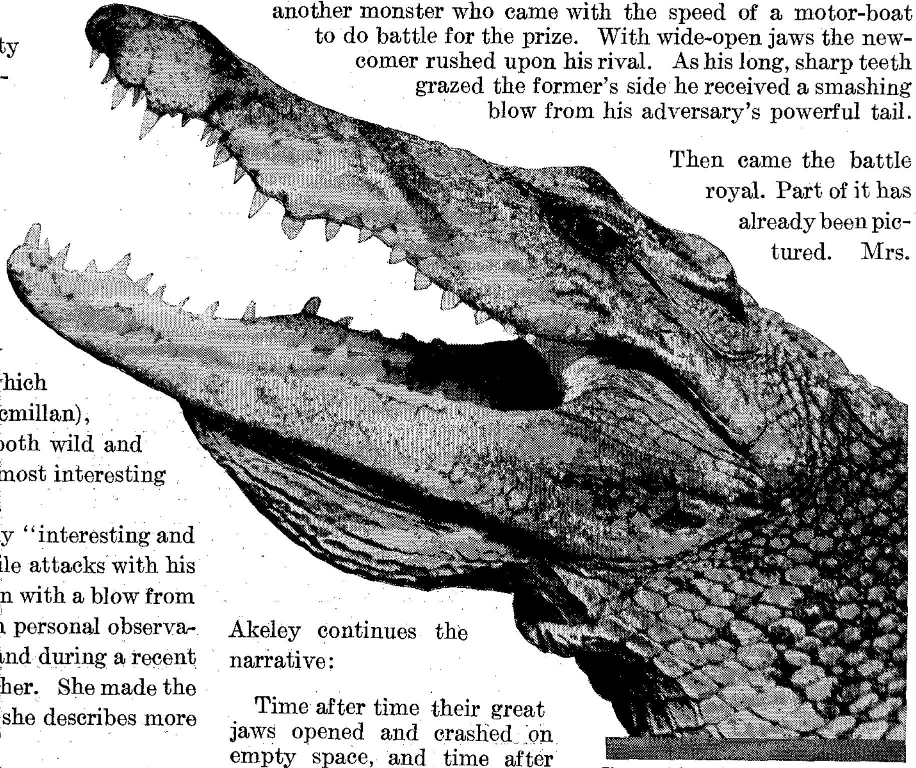
Two crocodiles were battling for a prize—the hind quarters of a freshly killed eland, suspended from a tree beside the water.

The meat had been placed there with a purpose, to lure the river brutes to some such exhibition as this. Mrs. Delia Akeley had set the stage for the gladiatorial combat which she describes in her "Jungle Portraits" (Macmillan), a new volume of reminiscences of the life, both wild and human, of the Dark Continent. Among the most interesting of her encounters were those with crocodiles.

Mrs. Akeley, it seems, had listened to many "interesting and amusing" arguments over whether the crocodile attacks with his jaws, or whether he first strikes his victim down with a blow from his large and powerful tail. She inclined, from personal observations, to believe in the jaw method of attack, and during a recent African trip she decided to test this theory further. She made the experiment, already mentioned briefly, which she describes more fully in this manner:

> One day I shot an eland which I found grazing close to the river. Severing the hind quarters from the body, I had my porters bind the legs firmly with ropes of lianas and then, carrying their burden to the river, we fastened it securely to the roots of a big tree, letting the dripping hunk of meat hang down so it would swing free just above the ground and close to the edge of the water.
>
> Then, accompanied by my gun-bearer, I hastily concealed myself in some bushes where I had a clear view of the river.
>
> It did not seem to me that we had been in hiding more than five or six minutes when my boy touched my sleeve and whispered "*mamba hapa*" (crocodile here). The dripping meat had carried its message down even into the black, muddy depths, and the eye-knobs of hungry crocodiles began to appear on the surface of the sunlit water, like stars popping out in a dark sky. They appeared and disappeared again and again, now here, now there, as with great caution and stealth they came closer to the meat.
>
> While we waited in smothering suspense a flock of Egyptian geese came winging their way down the river. Flying in the usual formation they skimmed the water with swift, graceful movements as they followed their leader. Suddenly they swerved, and with a great rustling of wings settled on the beach not far from the bait. There they stood for a moment with lifted wings, and bills half open panting for breath in the hot sunlight. Then in a listening attitude they started across the hot sand toward the meat. Slowly they came, in single file, picking their way cautiously, stopping every other step to look and listen.
>
> Some small animal in the bushes must have startled them, for they suddenly gave a frightened honk, and, running *en masse* to the edge of the water, rose in the air, and with a honking that echoed loudly over the water continued their journey down the river.
>
> When the sound died away, the peace and quiet of the jungle day again descended over the river. In the stifling heat of our blind I waited and wondered what actor would next appear on our jungle stage.
>
> Suddenly I had my answer, for just below the bait a horrible and grotesque head shot out of the water, and just for an instant, through a shower of spray, I caught a glimpse of a double row of formidable-looking teeth as the cavernous mouth of a giant crocodile opened and closed on the bait. As he gript the unyielding piece of meat he shook his ugly flat head like a vicious dog shaking a cat, and whipt the water violently with his tail as he pulled at the bait.
>
> Then there rose out of the water a few yards behind him another monster who came with the speed of a motor-boat to do battle for the prize. With wide-open jaws the newcomer rushed upon his rival. As his long, sharp teeth grazed the former's side he received a smashing blow from his adversary's powerful tail.

Then came the battle royal. Part of it has already been pictured. Mrs. Akeley continues the narrative:



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

> Time after time their great jaws opened and crashed on empty space, and time after time their knife-edged teeth sank deep into the soft flesh just below the hard scales, causing them to open wide their mouths and snap viciously on empty air.
>
> While this reptilian battle raged I held my breath in intense interest in the outcome. Suddenly both crocodiles sank out of sight beneath the water, and all the eye-knobs which had dotted the surface vanished without leaving a ripple to tell that they had been there. Trembling with the excitement of the past few moments, I waited and wondered what had caused them to disappear so suddenly. Would they return, or had they gone down to the bottom of the river where no human eye could follow them?
>
> My unasked questions were presently answered when the bushes at the edge of the beach suddenly parted and a thin, wrinkled old Wandorobo man stept into the sunlight. Peering hastily in every direction he finally hurried over to the bait and examined it carefully. Then cutting the vine with his knife, this human scavenger lowered the meat and helped himself to a piece of the raw flesh.
>
> Furious, my gun-bearer started forward to drive him off, but I kept him back. I knew that the crocodiles would not return, at least for hours, and I was curious to see what the man would do with the bait. Finally he stooped and was struggling to lift the heavy thing on his back when my angry gun-bearer, who could restrain himself no longer, shouted a threat. As the startled and terrified little man leapt to his feet and bolted for his life, the meat rolled off the beach into the water.

Mrs. Akeley has had other opportunities to check up on Ogre Crocodile's technique in securing his dinner. Dissections of these monsters in which she participated had revealed in their stomachs large pieces of hard turtle shells. How these had been broken puzzled her. Altho it was easily understandable that the "crock" could "chew up" the shells of smaller turtles, she had doubts whether even his powerful jaws could dent the armor, almost as hard as steel, of the larger varieties. How the crocodile manages to break such shells Mrs. Akeley learned on the upper Tana River in 1925. At the time she was on an expedition with Mrs. Leslie J. Tarlton of Nairobi. One day, we

THOUSANDS HAVE FOUND SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM THE FINEST OF ALL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY

Its formula definitely recognizes the cause of decay and the best ways to prevent it

HAVE you come to look on tooth decay as unavoidable? Then use Squibb's Dental Cream for six months and see if you aren't astonished at the improved condition of your teeth and gums.

Germs, present in every mouth, cause decay. When *fermenting* food particles are left in the mouth they provide food for these germs, which then multiply by the *millions* and generate the destructive acids which eat away the tooth enamel.

But don't think that simply brushing the teeth will clean your mouth sufficiently. Your toothbrush can't reach between your teeth, nor into the tiny pits and fissures, nor can it thoroughly clean at the gum margin, where there is a tiny crevice to catch stray bits of food. As a result, decay germs attack your teeth at all these places—destroy the enamel. If neglected long enough, you may lose the teeth affected and suffer seriously in general health.

Ordinary tooth-pastes and methods are powerless. But here is where Squibb's Dental Cream demonstrates its superiority. It is made with 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Plenty of this safe, effective antacid to penetrate crevices, *neutralize* fermenting food particles and *render the destructive germ acids harmless.* To protect where the tooth-brush fails to reach.

In addition, Squibb's definite soothing quality helps keep the gum tissues firm and sound. It guards The Danger Line, where gums meet teeth. And as long as this vital line remains healthy, *pyorrhea will not occur.* Squibb's Dental Cream cleans your teeth thoroughly and safely. Never by the use of grit or astringents.

Use Squibb's regularly and thoroughly . . . it will *keep* your teeth and gums safe and sound. Prove it during the coming six months. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

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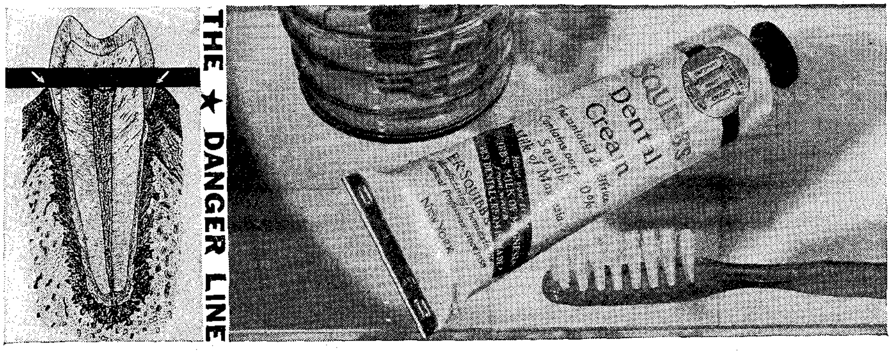


The Danger Line is the line where gums meet teeth. As long as this knife-like edge of gum tissue keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. In the cross-section above, notice the tiny crevice at each side of the tooth. The arrows show it. Food particles collect here, ferment and irritate the gums with acids. Eventually the delicate gum edge recedes. Then it is no longer a protection.

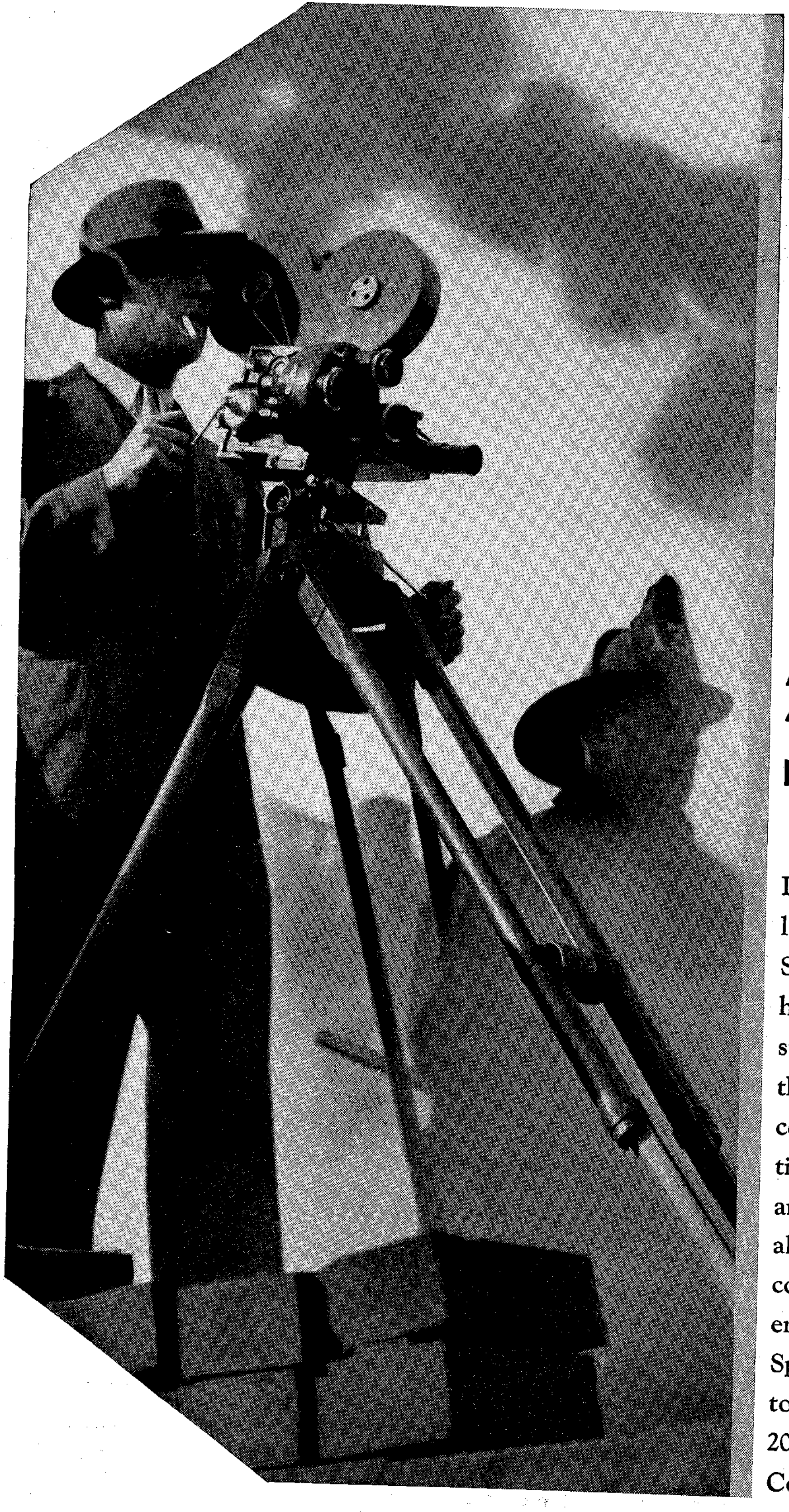
BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

are told, Mrs. Akeley was left alone in camp. Reading on:

> Shortly after breakfast Mrs. Tarlton started out with her gun-bearer to get meat for the porters, and, accompanied by my own gun boy, I went down the river a little way, where I could sit close to the water's edge, beneath some overhanging bushes, and watch the monkeys that frequented the trees along the bank.
>
> As we descended to our hiding-place on the sandy shore there was a great splashing in the water, and innumerable crocodiles of varying sizes slid off the rocks which rose above the shallow water. As soon as we had settled down they crawled cautiously back to bask in the sunlight. Making myself comfortable I adjusted my field-glasses, bringing the crocodiles closer so that I would not miss a turn of their ugly heads.
>
> The next movement that caught my eye and suggested a hasty retreat was a big water-python that came gliding gracefully through the water in our direction. A movement toward my gun caused it to change its course swiftly, and just as it swung its long, sinuous body around and passed under a fallen tree which extended well out over the stream, there came a tremendous splashing from the deep pool on my right. Rising cautiously and peering through the branches I was amazed to see a monster crocodile rolling over and over, churning the water into foam and sending the wavelets rippling and dancing in all directions.
>
> But that was not all. Gript tight in his powerful jaws was the front foot of a huge turtle. With each lightning-like revolution of the monster's body the turtle, which must have weighed at least forty or fifty pounds, was swung clear of the water. So fast did the crocodile turn that the water seemed to remain parted in the path of the turtle.

Presently the "crock" swam to a rocky ledge on the edge of the pool and, "dragging the turtle with him, crawled out and rested the upper half of his body on the stone." Reading on:

> After a short interval he slid backward into deep water, dragging the struggling turtle after him, and began the dizzying revolving movements again.
>
> Just at that critical moment the boy beside me stirred, and I quickly placed my foot upon his body to keep him quiet. As I did so the crocodile submerged, and, hidden tho we were behind our screen of leaves, I feared he had detected our presence. Anxiously my eyes searched the water in all directions, and presently I caught sight of him just for a second as he crossed a shallow spot in midstream. Then he disappeared again. Mrs. Tarlton arrived on the scene at that moment, and I quickly dragged her down beside me, fearful that her coming might have driven him away. Apparently he had not seen or heard her, for I had only time to whisper in her ear, "Sit tight and watch the opposite shore," when he rose like a submarine close to the bank and repeated his ju-jutsu operations on the turtle. This time so fast did he rotate his body that he seemed hardly to touch the water.
>
> Suddenly we saw the turtle shoot through the air and land with a resounding whack



DO LONG HOURS UNLEASH YOUR CIGARETTE APPETITE?

◆◆◆THEN ALSO ENJOY "HAPPY-MOUTH" IN COOLER SMOKE

Does working the clock around keep you lighting cigarettes? Then light Spuds! Spud's cooler smoke proves itself in a heavy smoking session. It keeps you constantly mouth-happy... your tongue and throat always in their natural moist-cool comfort. That's why your tobacco appetite is ever ready for Spud's choice leaf and blend... your tobacco senses ever alive to their rich fragrance. Spud's 16% cooler smoke is created to heighten your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor. Spud is 1930 freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES

JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.

Spud
20 Cents
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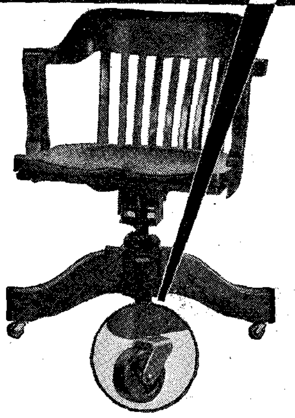
CIGARETTES

"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"...a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you...sent gladly on request.

Reform your Office Chairs



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There are chairs in your office which need new casters—furniture which needs NoMar Rests to protect floors.

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Address ____________________

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

and crushing force against the wall of rock which formed the opposite bank. As it fell into the water, the crocodile, with a flip of his tail, dived after it. In a moment the ugly head was again thrust above the water. The great jaws with their fearful rows of teeth opened and crashed like a sprung trap over a great hunk of turtle meat.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

GETTING HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE CRUEL, CRUEL WORLD

A newly hatched baby "crock," who, when he gets his full growth, and is ten or twelve feet long, will be able to repay the world's cruelty in kind, and with generous interest.

Nor will the crocodile hesitate to prey on humans, as the following grisly episode shows. It was during the life of Carl Akeley, on a trip from Mt. Kenya to the upper Tana. Mr. Akeley, from one bank of the river, shot a huge crocodile which was sleeping on the opposite side. The narrative continues:

> Without consulting us, two of our porters, eager to receive the reward which they hoped Mr. Akeley would give them for what seemed to them a worthy prize, challenged one another to a race across the stream to retrieve the monster.
>
> Before we realized what was happening, the two actors in the terrible tragedy had cast off their scanty covering and plunged in.
>
> One of the men, who was husky and a strong swimmer, soon reached the opposite bank, and climbing up, straddled the dead crocodile. Wildly elated over his victory, the boy slapped the back of the monster with his hand, and with good-natured native wit shouted facetious encouragement to his less fortunate companion.
>
> Altho we had given them all the protection we could by shooting into the water, when the swimmer neared the goal we suddenly, to our horror, saw him throw up his hands, clutch wildly at the air, and with a haunting, blood-curdling shriek that ended in a gurgle, disappear beneath the water.
>
> It all happened in an instant, and even before we could lower our guns the swiftly flowing water had glided over the spot where the boy went down, leaving not so much as a ripple to tell that the owner of the voice, which was still echoing weirdly on the air, had been swept into eternity.

Altho the whites were thoroughly familiar with the ways of crocodiles, and knew that the boy was past all human aid, they could not give up hope, we are assured, as we continue Mrs. Akeley's story:

> We sent men up and down the river to patrol the shore, and tried to comfort each other by saying a miracle might happen, and the boy escape from the grip of the terrible creature and be saved.
>
> Then the problem of rescuing the boy on the opposite bank and averting another tragedy presented itself. Heartsick, we stood and debated. There were no dugout canoes on the upper Tana. Therefore a raft seemed to be the only solution of our problem. This would take time, and if darkness fell before our task was accomplished the boy would be in danger from lions and leopards.
>
> Suddenly I had an inspiration, and suggested that we send a boy to camp for my canvas bathtub and convert it into a boat. This seemed feasible, so Mr. Akeley gave the necessary instructions.
>
> The placidity with which the object of our anxiety sat on the opposite bank and dangled his feet in the crocodile-infested water and watched our frantic efforts in behalf of himself and his unfortunate companion was unnerving. We could not make up our minds whether the boy was an utter imbecile or bore a charmed life.
>
> We were suddenly forced, however, to believe the latter, for just as Mr. Akeley had finished giving his instructions to the porters about cutting trees for our improvised boat the boy stood up, stretched his supple body, and bending down, heaved the dead crocodile into the water. As the formidable-looking gray shape was caught by the current and swept out into the stream, to our great consternation the boy plunged head first after it. Ignoring our horrified cries to turn back, the reckless fellow with a few strong strokes reached the swiftly moving body of the monster, and guiding it with one hand he swam leisurely across the exact spot where his companion had so recently disappeared.
>
> With all a native's pride in being the center of attraction, the boy, as if to prolong his triumph and our agony, ignored our commands to *pacy, pacy* (hurry, hurry) and swam slower; deliberately he loosed his hold on the crocodile, every now and then letting it float with the current and catching up with it again.
>
> Altho the actual crossing occupied only a few moments it seemed hours to us.

EARNING POWER

A GENERATION AGO . . . less even than that . . . bankers computed the value of a business almost wholly on physical assets. On visible property. On so many square feet or acres of plant. On equipment. On inventory. Then, much more than now, bonds were the favored security . . . so considered because they represented, almost invariably, a first lien on this physical property. Common stock prices, too, were based chiefly on the book value of tangible assets.

As the country has grown, the size of our industries has grown also. Yet plant and equipment and working capital, though always important, are no longer accepted as the complete index to the worth of a business.

Today there is increasing appreciation of two other factors that contribute to present and potential earning power . . . capable, full-visioned management and public good-will.

These priceless assets seldom appear on the balance sheet, yet they are always in the minds of those who finance a business and are of utmost importance to those who purchase the securities thus offered. Frequently, the good-will of a business, measured by the regard in which it is held by millions of people, has a value as great, or greater than its actual physical assets.

In the building of good-will, and in its preservation, there is no force more powerful than the force of good advertising.

Truthfully and sincerely conceived, unmarred by exaggerated statement or unfounded claim, it implants desire and preference in the minds of millions of people, penetrates new markets, builds up a bulwark of confidence and belief that helps to resist seasonal trends and depressions, unfair competition, and the temporary appeal of inferior products sold on price alone.

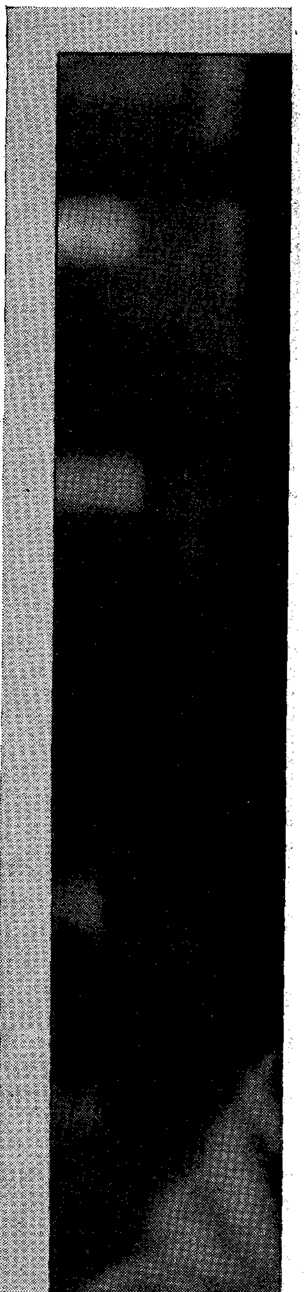
For nearly sixty years it has been our privilege to assist in the preparation of the merchandising and advertising campaigns of many of the leading manufacturers of this country. To them, and to us, advertising is not a game or a gamble, or something to be undertaken quickly, lightly, without plan, but a definite, practical means of building a substantial business. Rightly used, it is an invaluable aid to those who aspire to leadership or to maintain a present high position through the changing years.

N. W. AYER & SON, INCORPORATED, *Advertising Headquarters*

WASHINGTON SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO DETROIT LONDON

"Yeast is used constantly in my



. . says world authority on nutrition, PROFESSOR DR. CARL VON NOORDEN, GEHEIMRAT

A MAGICAL NAME in medicine—Dr. Carl von Noorden! Each year hundreds of Americans go thousands of miles for his advice. He says:

"Yeast is used constantly in my clinic. Its results are astonishing. Its regular use can in a short time bring about normal functioning of the bowels. It increases secretion of the digestive juices, improves appetite. For over thirty years it has been used, with surprising results, to cure certain diseases of the skin.

"No other food—and yeast *is* a food—is richer in vitamin B. When 'irradiated,' it contains great quantities of the 'sunshine' vitamin D. This vitamin strengthens endurance, fortifies against colds and disease. In those of growing age it builds strong bones and teeth. In expectant and nursing mothers it prevents and cures the softening of bones and teeth so common at these periods and protects the unborn or nursing child against rickets.

"Yeast has an extraordinary tonic effect on the whole system."

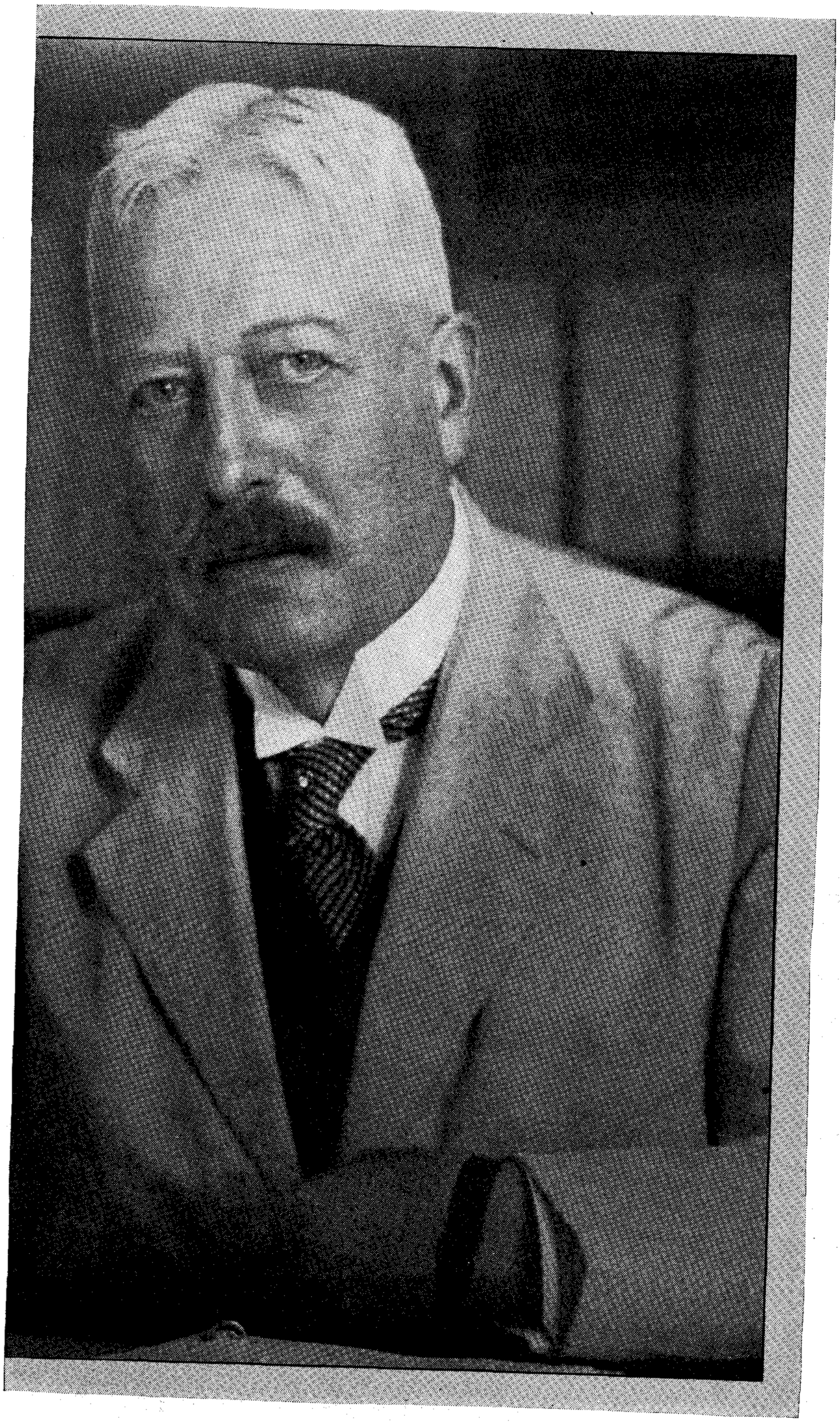
Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, following the directions on the label. Every cake is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins, B and D. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Let us send you a booklet giving the health advice of world-famous doctors. Address Health Research Dept. Y-M-4, Fleischmann's Yeast, a product of Standard Brands Inc., 597 Madison Ave., New York.

(*Above*) "How I dreaded those terrible colds and winter sicknesses!" *writes* MRS. R. F. FINNERAN *of Columbus, Ohio.* "I felt sluggish, listless—due perhaps to staying indoors too much . . . After eating yeast, my sluggishness disappeared. I had worlds of new pep. And I found I could go through a whole winter without one of those awful colds."

(*Below*) "I am a commercial artist and sometimes have to work late into the night to get my drawings out," *writes* JOHN C. PELLEW *of New York.* "A year ago I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Fleischmann's Yeast was what pulled me through. It worked wonders in my run down condition."

© 1930, Standard Brands, Inc.

clinic..*its results are Astonishing"*



Founder of Europe's most exclusive clinic, at Frankfort, Germany; physician to royalty; recently appointed consulting head of the leading hospital in Vienna; author of hundreds of medical articles and books; bearer of titles from all the governments of Europe.

Famous Specialists Give Simple Health Rule!

Europe's greatest stomach specialist, **Dr. Maurice Delort,** *says:* "Yeast acts as a digestive cleanser. It stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the working of stomach and intestines."

Dean of Stockholm's skin specialists, **Professor Dr. Johan Almkvist,** *says:* "For twenty-five years I have successfully used yeast for skin troubles such as acne and boils."

Austria's great internal specialist, **Hofrat Professor Dr. Gustav Singer,** *says:* "Yeast is the best intestinal purifier known."

THE PERILOUS SPORT OF STAMPEDING BUFFALOES

CRACK! DOWN WENT THE LEADER, wounded by a charge from an elephant gun.

The hunter "yelled madly and fired again."

Then the herd of 500 African buffaloes, terrified by the shouting and the shooting of the humans, turned about. They swung away from the *'saka*, or dense retreat of trees and brush. The maddened, frantic animals "tore straight away" back across the open country they had just crossed.

The sight put new life into the men, but they reckoned without the wounded leader. They dashed after the beasts. Dust began to rise and "a swirling column followed, twisting after the herd like the monstrous tail of some genii," Wynant Davis Hubbard tells us in an article, copyrighted by himself, in *The Elks Magazine*.

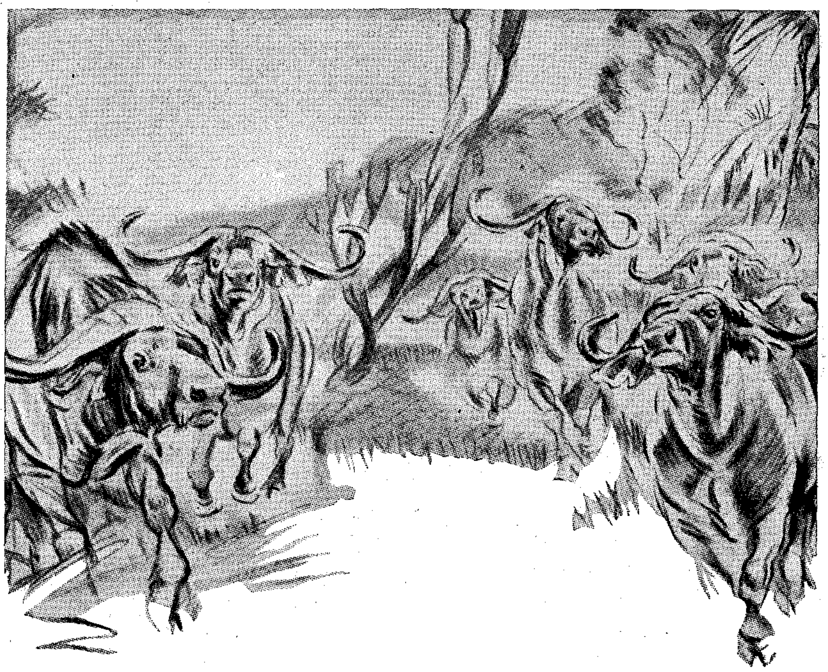


Illustration by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge, by courtesy of *The Elks Magazine* (New York)

THE CHARGE OF THE THUNDERING HERD

Suddenly, the writer says further, "a buffalo rose up from the ground in front of us and charged with a single savage bellow of rage. It was the leader. Crash, crash. I fired both barrels. The buffalo turned a complete somersault. But she got to her feet and charged again. Again I fired, and this time dropt her for good. We ran on. The herd was far away, but I fired after them to hurry them up. I thought I could see, directly ahead of them, the yellowish blob which marked the camouflage of the truck. Frank and Noble wanted a stampede. Well, I would give them one."

Mr. Hubbard, with his companions, Noble, Frank, and Pete, were trying to make a motion-picture of a stampeding buffalo herd. It was no easy task. Much of the time they could find no herd to stampede; and the one stampede they had caused so far had not been under proper conditions for photography.

But now, ever confident, they were having another try, hoping that between a small *'saka* and a large one, six miles apart, frequented by the buffaloes, the animal actors might be prodded into a thrilling performance that would photograph well.

Already, by killing the leader and making a din, Mr. Hubbard and his helpers had turned the herd aside just as it reached its retreat in the large *'saka*. But let us go back to the beginning of the adventure.

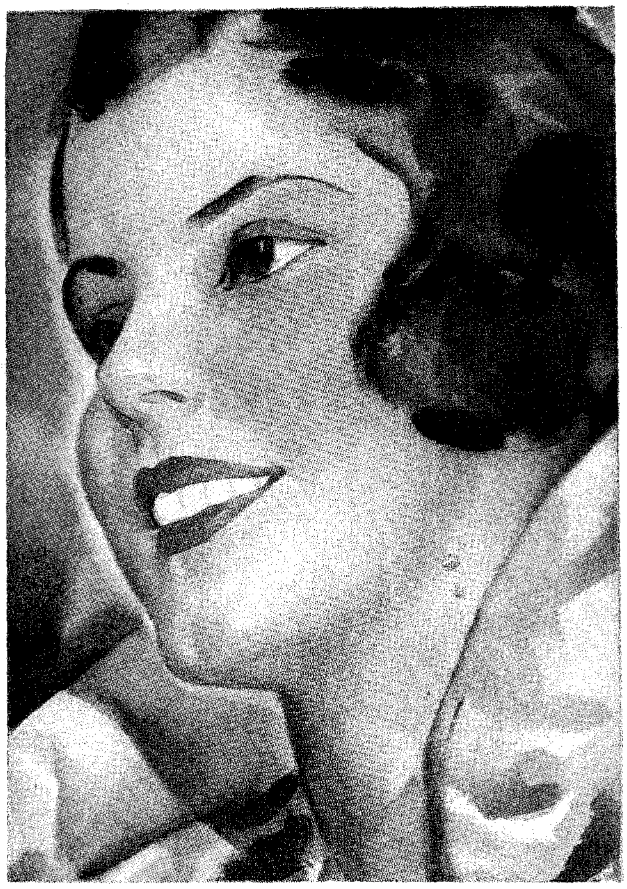
Trailing a large herd through the smaller *'saka*, those of the party who were not stationed with the cameras at a vantage point found themselves in the open, surrounded by a great buffalo herd that stretched on all sides like a sea. The men took refuge on a huge ant-hill and waited for something to happen. But for a long time nothing did. The beasts grazed contentedly, ignoring the humans. But finally, Mr. Hubbard tells us:

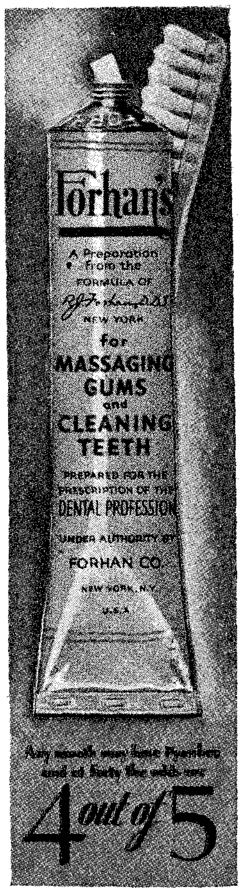
> A buffalo near the front of the herd stopt suddenly, lifted its head and sniffed. Others caught up to it and stopt. They stood motionless for a long moment and then abruptly wheeled and dashed off. The entire herd followed, even those who were still far to our right. It was marvelous to see how perfectly coordinated was their response to the sign of danger. The vast majority of that huge herd could not possibly have smelled us. Yet, without a second's hesitation, they had plunged away in the wake of their leaders.
>
> "Come on, Pete," I cried, jumping up. "After them."
>
> We ran down and followed the herd. For a few hundred yards they had run through a stretch of tallish open timber. Then the plateau. We stopt on the edge.
>
> "Where's the truck?" asked Pete.
>
> "Don't know," I answered. "But if we're going to do anything we'll have to run. We've got to turn the herd and drive them back here. If they get into that big *'saka* they're gone."
>
> "You can't turn them," replied Pete. "If we get ahead of them they will run over us."
>
> "Come on and we'll try," I answered and started running. Ahead and to the right the buffaloes were loping across the plateau. At that distance the herd looked like a black sea rolling and tossing gently. I ran in a semicircle. It seemed miles across that plateau. Beside me ran my gun-bearer, Mangineera, and my hunter, Jam. Pete was off to the right. He did not favor running. Gasping and panting we reached the outer fringe of the big *'saka*. The herd had slowed up, doubtless thinking themselves safe.
>
> Dodging in among the trees we headed for the buffaloes, jumping several magnificent eland as we went. Pete was sorely tempted, but refrained from shooting. An eland is always a prize.
>
> We spread out. Pete was the first to meet the buffaloes. I could not see him, but a sudden crash of branches and the thud of hoofs told the story. Jam rushed away, flying through the grass. I heard some shouts. Then I caught sight of some buffaloes between me and the plateau. It was too thick to see clearly, but Mangineera and I rushed at them, throwing caution to the winds. More crashing and snorts and bellows of surprize. We broke out of the thick stuff and found ourselves running madly within fifty yards of part of the herd. The buffaloes seemed determined to get into the *'saka*. But we were between them and it, so we tore along in a mad chase, the buffaloes trying to get ahead of us and so cut into the bush. We yelled and shouted. I took off my hat and waved it as I ran. Mangineera gave vent to the most blood-curdling shrieks and cut insane capers, leaping in the air as he ran. But we could not keep up the pace. Sweat poured off us. The sun beat down mercilessly. I was nearly ready to drop. But the leader of the herd kept ruthlessly crowding Mangineera and me closer and closer to the thick bush. Deciding on a last effort I ran my heart into my head and drawing a little ahead of the galloping herd pulled up. Raising my rifle I took a bead on the leader of the herd.

Then Mr. Hubbard brought down the leader in the manner we have already witnessed. The chase continued:

> The herd was drawing away from us fast. But they were heading right for the truck. But one buffalo lagged behind.
>
> Mangineera caught sight of it and let out a cracked yell, "A calf, a calf."
>
> We tried to run faster. But it was impossible. I could not work my legs any quicker. We had already run nearly four miles. My head pounded and my mouth and throat were so dry I gasped in great, catching breaths.
>
> Ahead we could see the truck. Noble was on the platform grinding his camera furiously. Frank was on the running-board with another.
>
> "The calf!" we yelled hoarsely. "Catch the calf!"
>
> But either they were too busy to hear or our voices were too weak, because nothing happened. The calf, it was a biggish one, ran on and we staggeringly followed, trying vainly to point it out to those on the truck.
>
> Then suddenly the natives in the back caught sight of the calf. With a yell they erupted out of the truck and for the calf, waving ropes and shouting encouragement to each other. I

Only a dentist would demand such excellence in a dentifrice




Forhan's
A Preparation From the FORMULA OF R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. NEW YORK
for MASSAGING GUMS and CLEANING TEETH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION
UNDER AUTHORITY BY FORHAN CO. NEW YORK, N.Y. U.S.A.
4 out of 5

FROM the very beginning, Forhan's was a dentifrice far beyond the ordinary toothpaste.

It was originated by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.—with a professional man's exacting ideas of what the finest of dentifrices should be.

It must, of course, be safe for the most delicate teeth, mild in its cleansing action, and scrupulously pure.

More than this, it should be as complete a protection for the health of the mouth as dental science can make it.

Accordingly, this "dentists' dentifrice" contains an ingredient found in no other toothpaste—the benefits of a preparation devised by Dr. Forhan and widely used by his fellow dentists in the care of pyorrhetic gums.

This extra ingredient, used exclusively in Forhan's, is what makes it a dentifrice with a valuable double purpose. It cleans the teeth, and you can find no dentifrice safer, more cleanly or more thorough for this purpose. In addition, it helps to protect the health of the gums. Used as recommended, with thorough massage at the time of brushing, it firms them up, and stirs up the circulation with tingling vigor.

That is why the well mouth should have the benefits of Forhan's. Its use is recommended *before pyorrhea develops*. If you suspect that you have this common ailment, if your gums are tender, by all means see your dentist at once, and let him prescribe the proper care to you.

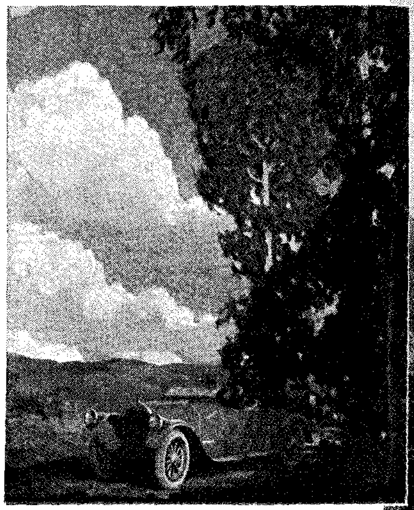
But as a matter of simple precaution, adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice — for it does all that the finest dentifrice can do to help you keep the gleaming mouth of youth.

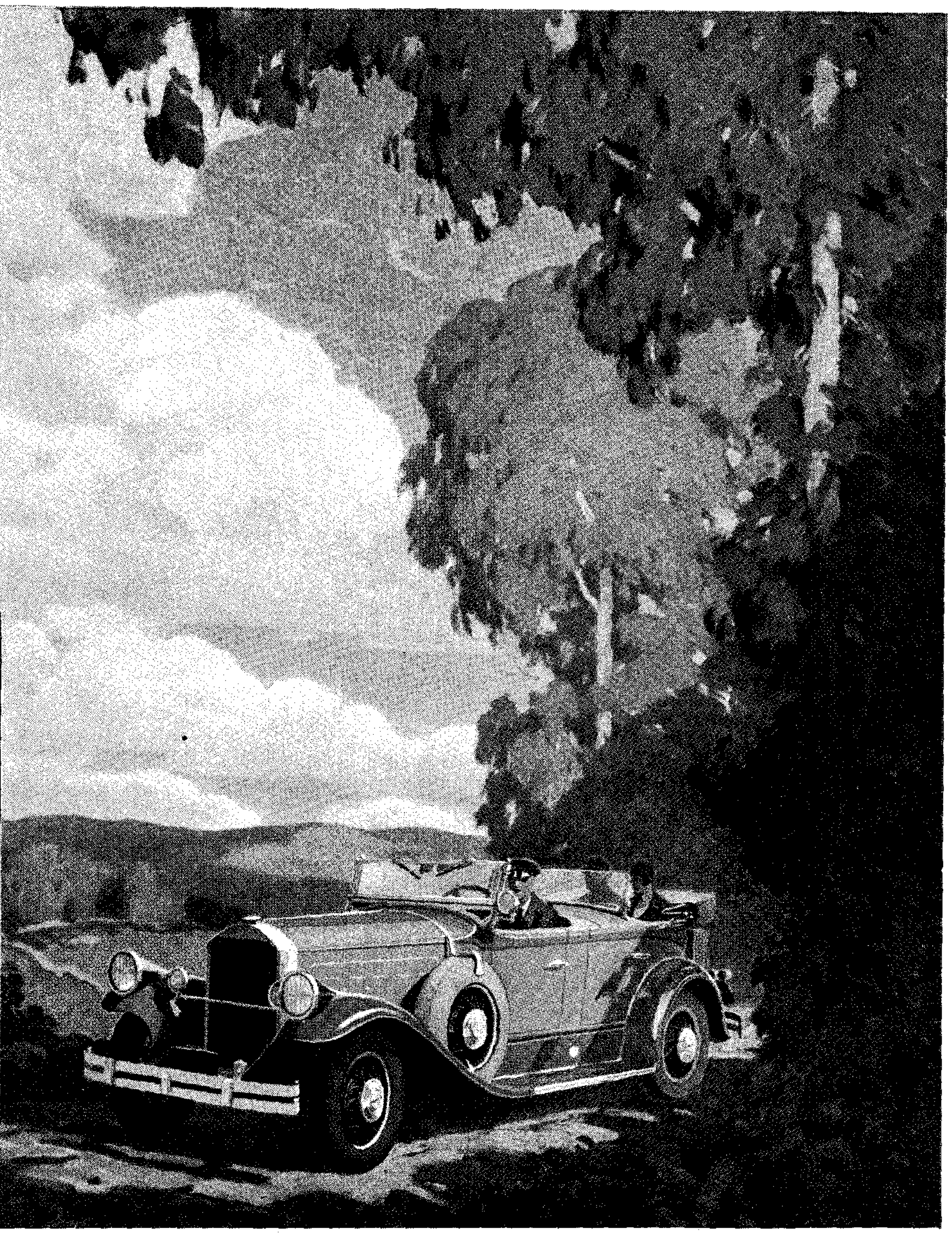
Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste, and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, Inc. New York.

Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Eleven years elapsed between the painting of the two Pierce-Arrow portraits on this page.. both by the same artist, both the same scene, both portraying America's Finest Motor Car.





The Tyranny *of* Tradition

ONLY the stern mandate of very great pride . . and no lesser legislation on earth . . may command always the finest a man or an organization has to give. Such is the tradition which governs the creation of *America's finest motor car.*

No rules ever conceived could be more exacting than the set of ideals which freely operate in every phase of Pierce-Arrow manufacture.

There is in Pierce-Arrow precincts an always-burning fire of determination never to depart from a principle which puts *fineness eternally first.*

In every car of this patrician line is expressed a courage which scorns the accepted standards of excellence as commonplace, compared with Pierce-Arrow's own.

And there is ever present a pardonable disdain of any process less fine than the hand-craftsmanship which has always distinguished Pierce-Arrow motor cars.

It would be far easier to build Pierce-Arrows of average quality, and infinitely more profitable to produce them in greater numbers. But the tyranny of tradition forbids.

THE NEW PRICES

$2695 to $6250 . . *at Buffalo*

(*Custom-built Models up to $10,000*)

In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance on a good used car usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY • BUFFALO, N. Y.

PIERCE-ARROW

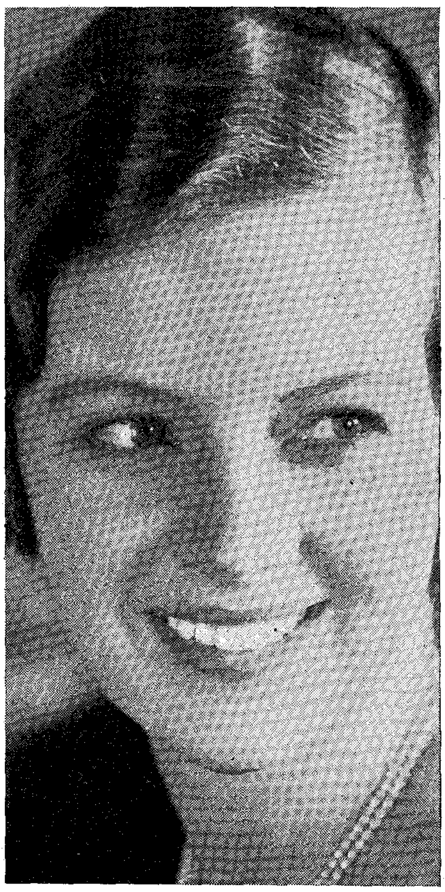
> could hear Noble cursing them for shaking his camera. The calf bellowed and charged the nearest boy. Dancing around it they ran this way and that, trying to get close to it. Mangineera and I tried to catch up to them. We ran past a dead buffalo. They must have had trouble, I thought. The calf bellowed loudly. Lubango had it by the hind leg. As I looked, the calf disappeared under a wave of natives. They had it. I staggered panting to the truck and collapsed on the running-board. As soon as I recovered my breath I asked Frank, "Get it?"
>
> He nodded. "They came right past us. One came so close I was afraid it would charge. It won't now," he added grimly. Then, "Where is Pete?"
>
> "I don't know," I answered. "Last I heard he was yelling at a bunch of buffaloes in that '*saka* over there."
>
> Leaving boys to cut up the dead buffalo, we loaded the calf into the truck and Frank drove toward the spot at which I had shot the leader. On the way we picked up Pete. He was grinning all over.
>
> "You did it!" he exclaimed.
>
> "Yes, they went back all right," I answered. "Caught a calf, too."
>
> "Great, great," and Pete walked around to look at it. "I never thought you could do it. Caught a calf, too. How did you turn them?"
>
> "Yelled like hell and shot the leader. Then yelled some more." After all, that was all I had done. It sounded very simple. And it had been, seeing that the herd had turned away instead of toward us. But who would ever have dared say that two men running on foot could keep a herd of such terrified buffaloes from going where they wanted to? More than that, make the herd run across a huge open space when they knew they were exposed to all sorts of danger. Buffaloes. African buffaloes. What did we care? The most dangerous animal in Africa. Show them to us. We'd chase them around.

But the camera hunters were not quite satisfied with what they had accomplished. The buffaloes were going past the camera, not coming straight at it. So still another try was made, this time at another place, where two open stretches of ground were connected by a funnel-like opening in a group of trees. Reading on:

> It was getting hotter and hotter. Heat-waves danced over the ground, distorting our vision. Ant-hills occasionally appeared upside down. On the horizon a herd of puku could be seen walking with their feet in the air, pointing toward the sky. The sweat smarted in my eyes. Then Mangineera stopt me.
>
> "What is that over there, *I'nkos?*" he asked.
>
> I looked, but all I could see was something that looked like a big patch of burned grass. I said so.
>
> "No," answered the boy. "Look! It's moving."
>
> I looked again. It was moving all right. Just the heat-waves, I thought. Still, I focused the glasses on it. Good Lord, it was a herd of buffaloes! For some reason they were crowded so close together they resembled burnt-over ground. But with the glasses there was no doubt. It was an enormous herd. No wonder we had passed them by the first time.
>
> We stopt long enough to put more water in the radiator, and then started for the herd. They were about half a mile from us and about three from the funnel. When we were about three or four hundred yards from them the leading buffalo started running. And they headed toward the funnel.
>
> We took after them. Bouncing and bumping I raced that poor old truck back and forth behind the herd. But they could cover the ground faster than I could. So we took our time. When the herd broke toward the right, we headed them off and gradually drove them down into the mouth of the funnel.
>
> The motor was boiling furiously. We put our last water in. When we unscrewed the radiator cap it blew so high and far we could not take the time to find it. Then, catastrophe of catastrophes! The heat was too great. We burst a tire. But we were close to the big pan. The buffaloes were bunched in a black mass between it and the line of trees. A tire did not matter now. But the buffaloes might run around the pan and so escape us. Giving Jam all the natives but two, and all the rifles but my own, I sent him off on foot. He would take one side of the pan and I would drive around the other. If the herd tried to bolt back, I told him to shoot the devil out of them. Off he went. I moved slowly along, watching him.

The herd stood firm. They looked dangerous, and showed no signs of remembering the funnel through which they could escape. However, we read:

> Jam kept on. I stopt. He was getting on dangerous ground. Closer and closer he went. I could hear him shouting. Then suddenly several buffaloes charged. Rifles cracked. I saw one buffalo fall to its knees. Then the boys broke and ran for the pan. I headed for them as fast as the truck would go. Splashing and yelling the boys reached the water, and turning fired again and again. The buffaloes stopt. Then they saw me clanging toward them, the truck bumping and banging, and Mangineera and I yelling for all we were worth. I rushed at the herd. Jam and his boys came out of the pan. Shooting and yelling, Mangineera pounding on the truck with the crank handle, we rushed the herd. For a moment they hesitated. With heads stuck straight out and tails curled, the buffaloes looked very menacing. Then they broke. A cloud of dust rolled up and the buffaloes disappeared. We tore after them. The boys passed the truck in a shrieking mob. Not to be left behind, I abandoned the wheezing, boiling car and ran with them. Shouting and still shooting we reached the bank and the trees. The buffaloes were gone. But they had gone through the funnel.
>
> I climbed a tall ant-hill. On the far side of the funnel I could hear Frank shouting and then the crash of his heavy rifle. But I could not see the buffaloes. Far in the distance over the trees I could make out black dots, which were the ant-hills among which were hidden Noble and the truck. And toward them moved a high column of dust. It came from the herd. They were heading straight for him.
>
> I ran through the funnel. Frank was nowhere to be seen. Walking and running I reached the truck.
>
> Frank and Noble were seated on the running-board.
>
> "Success?" I asked.
>
> "Greatest sight I ever saw," exclaimed Noble. "The whole herd nearly ran over me."
>
> "Then we got it?" I stated, half questioningly.
>
> "Got it," Frank almost yelled. "Got it. I'll say we did. And one nearly got me, too. But who cares. We've sure got some stampede picture now."



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more comfortable, too

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All have patented construction. Millions of users have proved they far outwear leather. They are likewise comfortable and waterproof. GRO-CORD Soles are on the better makes of sport shoes, street shoes and work shoes. Ask your dealer for shoes with NON-SKID GRO-CORD Soles and Heels. You'll like them.

Below: Illustrating the cord tire cords fused on end in GRO-CORD Soles and Heels.

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P. & A. photograph

ALFONSO HAS THE KEENEST OF EYES IN THE HUNTING-FIELD

"LONG live the republic! Long live the republic!"

The King himself threw up the window and lustily shouted this heretical sentiment into the street.

At once the agitated Queen Mother came running.

"For heaven's sake, stop this scandal!" she cried, and immediately dragged the small captive out of the room.

This sounds like a scene from comic opera, doesn't it?

But, as a matter of fact, it was a flesh-and-blood boy King. Like most boys, he had been disobedient, and as punishment had been shut up in his room by his mother. He had adopted this ruse to obtain his release. He was none other than King Alfonso of Spain in his boyhood, and this anecdote is told by C. Patrick Thompson in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine. The fact that there was a republican movement in Spain at this time had given the clever lad the bright idea for his trick.

Presumably, because of this movement, the throne of Spain was in peril, as it has often been during Alfonso's life, according to Mr. Thompson. But all the time Alfonso, the "doyen of kings," has held to his throne because he enjoys occupying it.

At present, because of the disorders attending the resignation of Gen. Primo de Rivera as Premier, and the rise of General Berenguer, "the throne of Spain is, of course, in peril" once more, Mr. Thompson tells us as he continues:

> I say "of course" advisedly. For the throne of Spain has been in peril for so many centuries and in so many varied circumstances that it long ago attained the status of a wonder of the world.
>
> It was in peril when its present tenant, wrapt in cotton-wool and lying on a silver salver, was handed to the councilors of State a few hours after his birth on May 17, 1886. It was in peril when, a frail and melancholy boy, he drove out with his mother and was greeted by the scowls of the populace. It was in deadly peril on that May day in 1906 when he drove through the gaily beflagged streets of Madrid with his bride, Princess Victoria Eugenie, granddaughter of Queen Victoria of England, and an assassin heaved a bomb which killed twelve persons around the royal carriage.
>
> It was in peril three years after the Great War, when 10,000 Spanish soldiers, the cream of the Army, were massacred by Abd-el-Krim's Riffs in the savage wastes of Spanish Morocco; and when the news broke in Spain Alfonso was discovered to be absent, amusing himself in Deauville, that little Babylon-by-the-sea, which Cornuche made out of a Norman fishing village.
>
> It was in peril again when the politicians were accusing the generals of incompetence in 1922 and 1923, and the generals were accusing the politicians of treachery and corruption, and Primo de Rivera staged his Army revolt and sent the government of the politicos scuttling from Madrid—and Alfonso got the news at San Sebastian and drove a racing car all night over the mountain roads and got to the capital in time to sign the decree proclaiming martial law.

And after this brief review of the perils to which Alfonso's reign has been subjected, this writer continues:

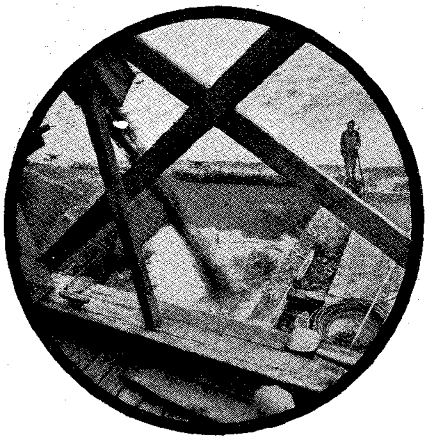
> All things considered, one would be safe in betting 50 to 1 that much more will happen in Spain than has happened or appears likely to happen before Don Alfonso—doyen of the kings, and probably the only one left who thoroughly enjoys being a king—surrenders his great Madrid palace that looks out on the rugged Guadarrama Mountains, his lovely summer palace on the peak of the peninsula at Santander.

A HILL *in the* HEART OF SEATTLE *...moves to the sea*

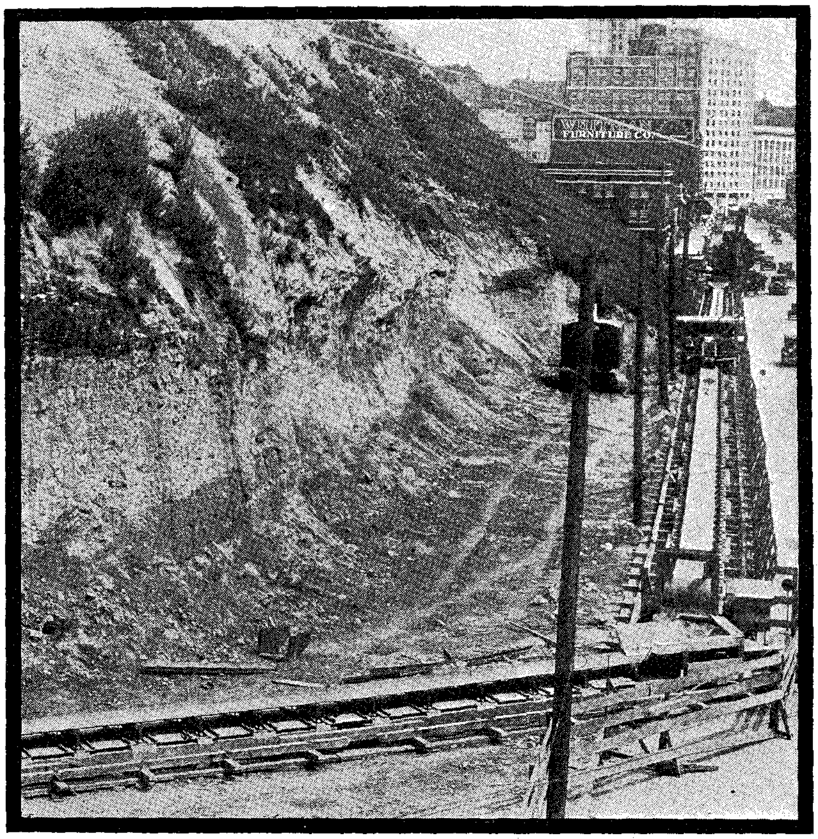
How

GOODRICH CONVEYOR BELTS

are helping a city remove an obstacle that blocked its progress



Steel barges receive dirt and rock from Goodrich Conveyor Belt, then take it to the sea

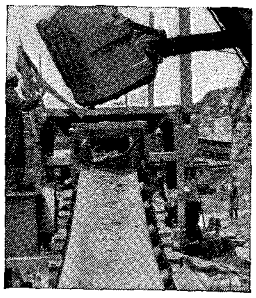


Above photograph shows Goodrich Conveyor Belts in Operation at Denny Hill

TWO years ago, Seattle faced a problem. The city was growing... its business section expanding. But blocking the way was Denny Hill... a hill several blocks long on each side.

Seattle decided to amputate Denny Hill. Decided to cut it away ... dump it in the sea. The question became "How?"

An elaborate system of belt conveyors, designed by the Link-Belt Company, was the answer. Electric shovels were put to work. Portable conveyors were set to carrying dirt and rock to a main disposal point. Then, through several blocks of Seattle's business section, in an elevated covered way, other belts were erected to carry the dirt to waiting barges.



Seattle began to amputate Denny Hill months ago. By this summer, the project will be completed, at a cost of two and a half millions.

●

Contributing materially to the success of the operation is the fact that the approximately two miles of belting on which the whole system relies are Goodrich conveyor belting made on the Highflex principle.

This Goodrich principle involves a method of construction which materially lengthens belt life and reduces wear. It is one of the many Goodrich developments which give Goodrich products specific fitness to specific conditions.

●

Goodrich maintains a special Industrial Research Committee whose work it is to help apply these principles as well as devise new ones. Executives are invited to correspond with Committee Chairman.

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Now, all can enjoy it. . . . Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee is a delicious blend of the world's finest coffees—*with the caffeine removed.* And so skilfully is this done that not one bit of the wonderful coffee flavor and aroma is lost! How much better than cheerless substitutes!

You can enjoy Kaffee Hag Coffee at midnight. It will never affect your nerves or keep you awake.

Kaffee Hag Coffee is the original caffeine-free coffee. And now, after years of continuous experiment, the blend has been wonderfully improved. There is no finer coffee on the market. New vacuum tins *seal* the flavor in.

Will you try it? . . . Isn't there some one in your home who loves coffee but fears to drink it at night? Give him Kaffee Hag Coffee. Two cups, three—as many as he wants. Make it just as you make any other coffee. How pleased he'll be. And how restfully he'll sleep. Ask for Kaffee Hag Coffee at your dealer's.

Or let us send you a sample. . . . For 10c, to cover postage and handling, we will send you a 10-cup sample of this delicious caffeine-free coffee. Test it at *night.* See for yourself what satisfying, luscious coffee it is—and how well you'll sleep.

KELLOGG COMPANY Dept. V-3, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (*Offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

his Mediterranean playground at Málaga, his racing stables, his fleet of high-powered automobiles, his polo ponies, his spacious hunting preserve in the Gredos Mountains, his royal state, not to mention an immense annual revenue, and retires to kill time as a private gentleman after the manner of the former King of Greece and ex-King Manuel of Portugal.

In estimating his chances in the present crisis—which may last through 1930, with intermittent demonstrations, declarations, risings, and riots—it is worth remembering that, apart from the fact that five assassins have tried to get him and have failed, he has been astutely playing his cards for at least twenty of his forty-four years of life and kingship in order to retain his throne.

Alfonso has always been "obstinate and irresistible." Difficulties have stimulated him, Mr. Thompson says, as he continues with his character sketch:

The atmosphere in which he was brought up may be illustrated by a story the Queen-Mother, who was Regent during the first sixteen years of Alfonso's reign, was fond of telling.

One evening, when Alfonso was four years old, an anarchist threw a bomb near the palace. When the news came up, the women in the Royal nursery exprest surprise that they had not heard the explosion. Piped a quiet little voice: "I heard it." It was the boy King, sitting up in bed.

"But you could not have heard it," said the Queen-Mother, smiling, "if we did not."

"The King heard it," said Alfonso XIII gravely. "The King hears everything."

At that age he had been imprest by the supreme and sacred fact that he was King.

There is a wide-spread idea that the King of Spain is "an easy-going monarch who does not take the business of kingship too seriously, and that his house, like that of several other ancient European dynasties, is in the twilight of its long life," we are reminded. But Mr. Thompson paints a different picture of Alfonso, thus:

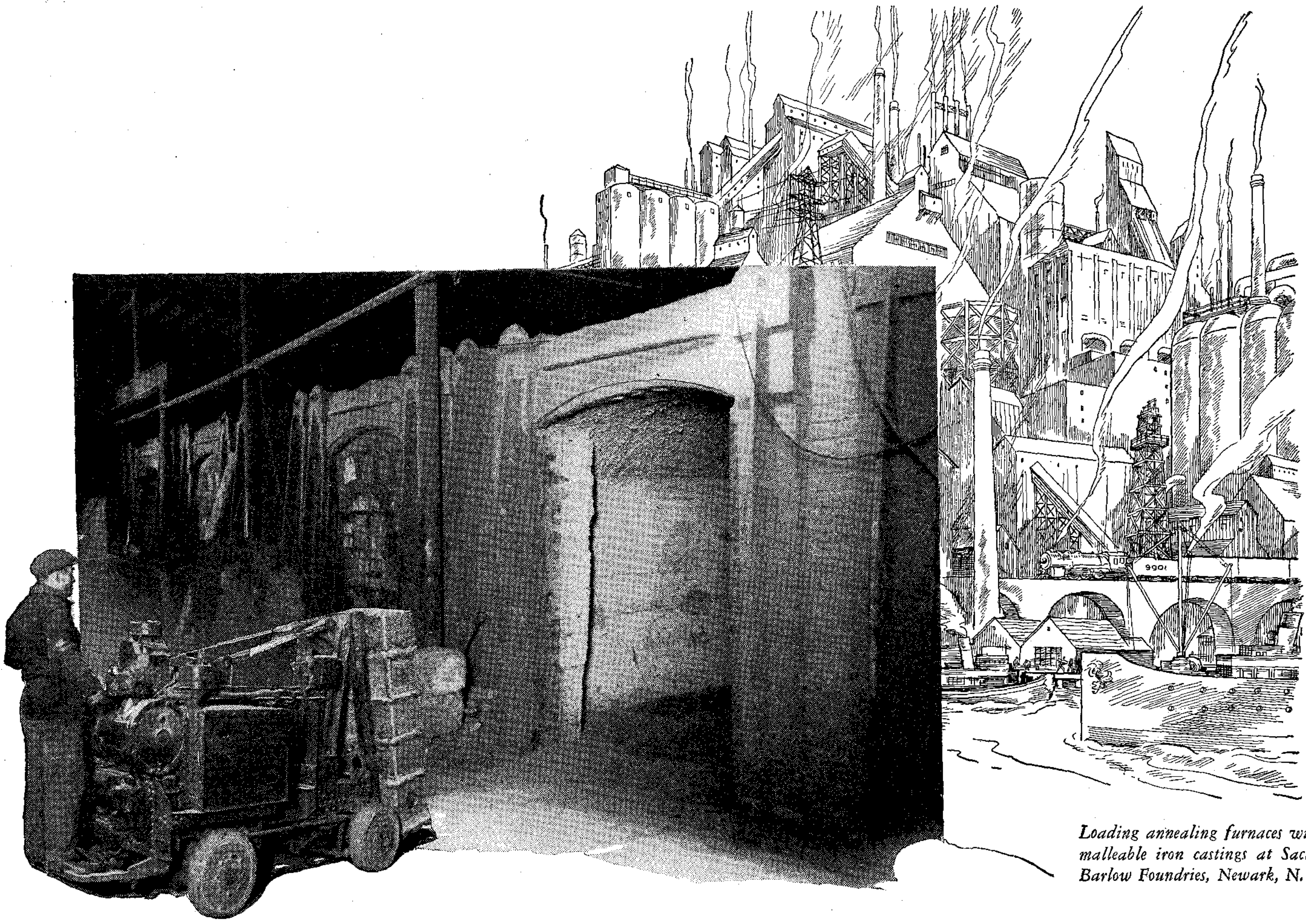
The impressions are not altogether accurate and complete. Play polo with him, rush into the hills with him in a high-powered Hispano (Alfonso, at the sprung wheel), hunt with him, dine with him and a diplomatic companion in a corner table at a restaurant overlooking a summer sea, meet him at a house party in the Duke of Sutherland's Scottish castle and go deer stalking with him next day—race, shoot, ride, hunt, laugh, and go bull-fighting with him, and you may think you know him. But you will have seen only facets of a remarkable character.

He has other facets. He displays one in the midst of his court, stiff with the splendor and etiquette of ancient tradition—a more vigorous and vital man, you would say, than any of those around him.

He will show you another in the course of a talk in his small study in the great granite palace in Madrid—he is a most accessible king, when it suits his purpose to be so.

Men who have sat thus, smoking one of his oval cork-tipped cigarets, glancing in the meditative silences out of the opposite window which looks out over the Manzanares to the far Guadarrama ranges, have

J-M POWER CONSERVATION BRINGS LARGER PROFITS



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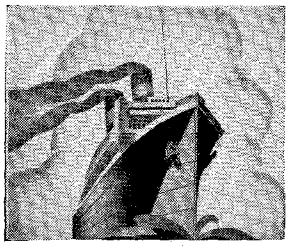

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

qualified their prejudices about the Bourbon breed and the Hapsburg strain; discovering that there is a certain formidable character about the blended blood—that behind the Bourbon charm there is the Bourbon pride, that the long, jutting Hapsburg jaw can mean something, and that the mind behind the dark, lively, watchful eye is very quick and subtle.

In short, this tall, tanned, active man, who loves movement and action, polo ponies, racing-cars, everything swift and dashing; who looks and is iron-hard and fit, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his spare frame, is many-sided and indomitable. Despite all, Alfonso developed a sense of humor, altho it is a strictly limited one. He made himself popular, and so long as he does not associate himself too closely with the politicos, on the one hand, or the acts of military dictators, on the other, there seems no reason why his popularity should wane. Among his faults—he has some—timidity has no place.

Alfonso, it would seem, enjoys reminding himself of his narrow escapes. In his palace he treasures a queer collection of mementoes, listed thus:

> A stone on which he once cracked his head in a fall; the rusty knife with which the assassin tried to stab him as a boy; the skeleton of the horse killed by the bomb hurled at him as he drove with President Loubet in state through bedecked Paris in 1905; the poisoned feeding bottle through which he nearly sucked death before he was a year old; fragments of the steel bomb thrown at him and his bride just after their marriage twenty-four years ago in Madrid (the young Queen reached the palace with her white satin wedding shoes splashed with the blood of the killed and injured bystanders); the revolver which Sanchez Alegre fired repeatedly at him in the open street (Alfonso saved himself by spurring his horse on the assassin and riding him down with a shout).

HOW OUR "GREATEST SOLDIER" AND HIS BUDDIES CARRIED ON

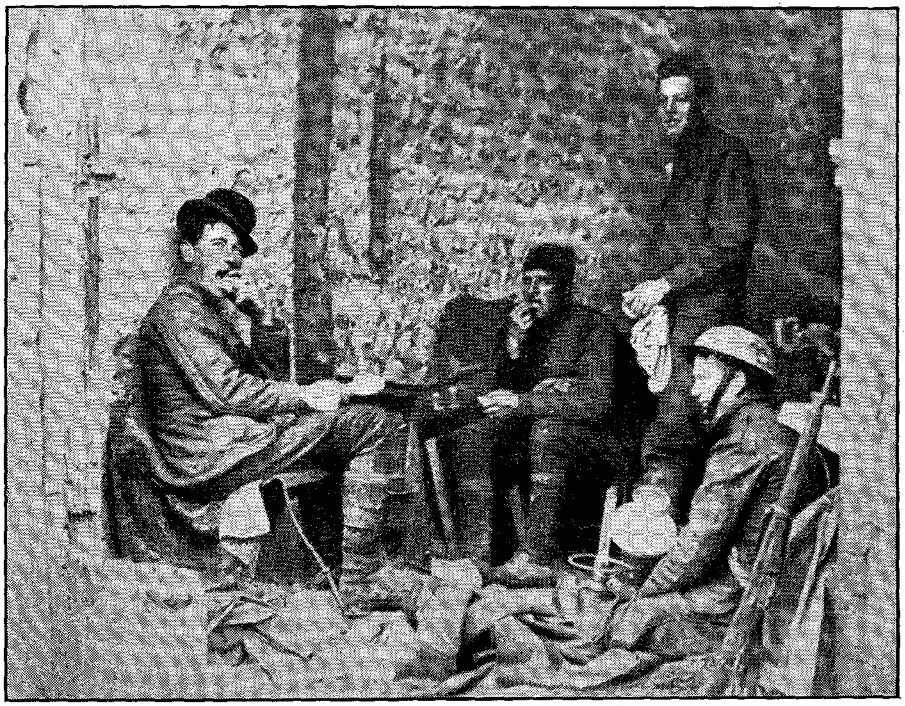
ANOTHER roar off to the east! Another screech overhead.

A German .77 tore through the branches of the roadside tree and landed between the French artilleryman and the American lieutenant, who was helping him move an eight-inch gun from the ditch.

A sickening moment of expectation of death. But the shell didn't explode.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the Frenchman.

Lieut. Samuel Woodfill of the A. E. F., even after hazardous years in Alaska, the Philippines, and Mexico, was too startled to say as much as that.



Illustrations from "Woodfill of the Regulars" (Doubleday, Doran)

A "BUFFET LUNCHEON" AFTER A "PARTY" WITH HEINIE

He admits it, describing this day in 1918, in the Anould sector, soon after his arrival in France, in "Woodfill of the Regulars" (Doubleday, Doran), his life story as told to Lowell Thomas.

Woodfill, an old Army enlisted man, called "America's greatest soldier" by no less an authority than General Pershing, became an officer in the World War. His greatest feat was performed near Cunel. It is too well known to be told in detail here, but it involved, says General Pershing's report, "attacking single-handed a series of German machine-gun nests near Cunel, and killing the crews of each in turn until reduced to the necessity of assaulting the last detachment with a pick, dispatching them all." When the conflict was over and he was mustered out, he re-enlisted with his old rank of Sergeant.

Now, however, he has been retired and lives on an Indiana farm. His story covers many years of an adventurous career. In his chapters on the World War, he tells of many exciting deeds, some of which have a distinctly humorous tinge. The episode of the shell came during the meal when he was on his first trip to the front with his company. German troops were just

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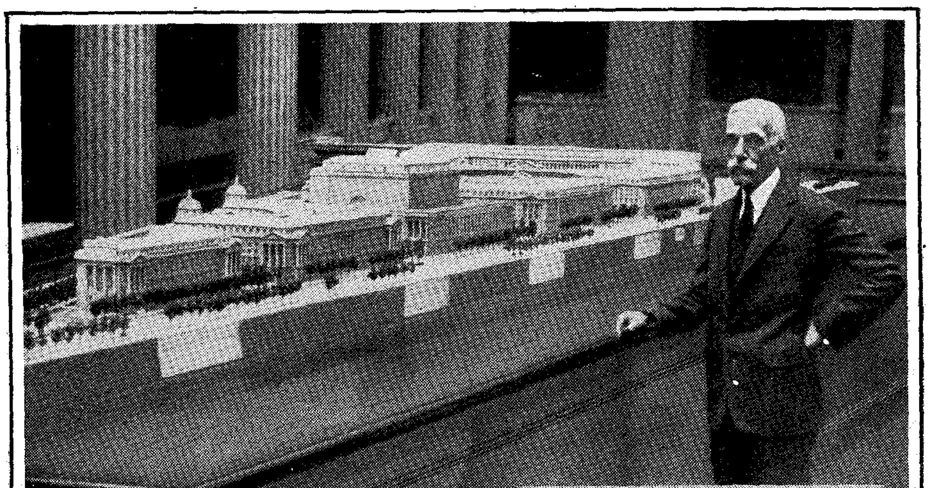

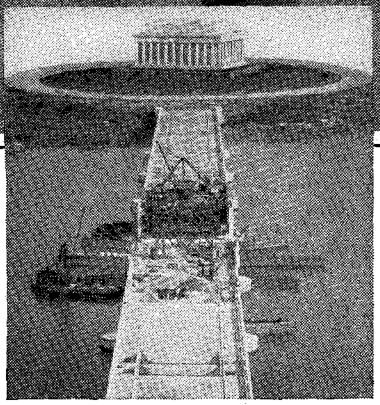

(*Above*) Secretary Mellon inspects a model of the magnificent new government buildings group being erected on the famous "Triangle" at a cost of $75,000,000.

(*At right*) The Arlington Bridge across the Potomac, now practically completed. In the background is the Lincoln Memorial, one of the world's outstanding monuments.

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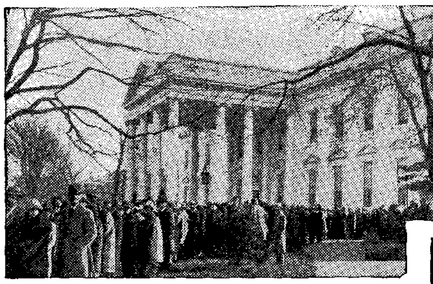
Warm, mild weather is sweeping up across Virginia. In a few weeks the famous Japanese Cherry Blossoms will frame the Potomac Basin in a blaze of color. Now is the time to visit Washington. Never before has there been so much to see.



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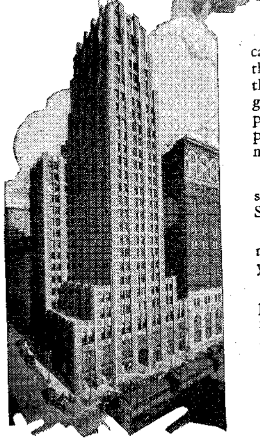

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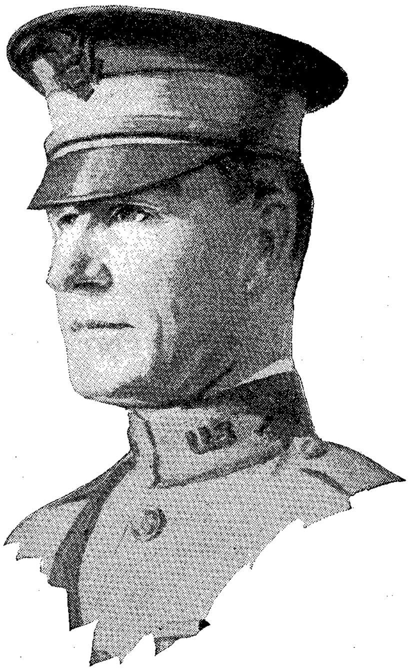
PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

ahead. German observation balloons, or "sausages," were hovering about on the lookout for French artillery. But the newly arrived doughboys were enjoying lunch, despite the danger. The mess sergeant was in high spirits, we learn, as the scene is described in Woodfill's own words:

"Make it snappy, you guys," he bellowed at the men as they filed up with their mess kits. "This ain't no all-night barbecue, and if you birds want to get in on the buffet supper, you'd better hop to it while the goin's good. Those Heinies up ahead are liable to ruin your appetite any minute."

Just then there was a roar in the distance, and something went screeching over our heads like a trolley-car taking a curve on two wheels. Then all of a sudden one corner of the field just behind us went up in the air with a noise like a clap of thunder, and then settled down all over the surroundin' scenery. The Germans in that "sausage" had caught sight of the French artillery all right, and as a result we were now having our first real taste of the Great War.



A portrait by Joseph Cummings Chase

WOODFILL'S FIGHTING FACE

Mess kits flew in all directions. There was a dugout at the corner of the farmhouse, and a dozen brave American soldiers on their way to Berlin did a nose dive detour down that hole like scared woodchucks. Eight bold buck privates went into a huddle under the table where the cook was ladling out the stew and coffee, and over went table, stew, and the whole works.

"Ouch, ouch," bellowed a rookie. "I'm hit! My eye's gone!"

"Aw, nix on the bellyaching," was all the sympathy he got from his buddy. "Use your other eye, and get off my leg!"

I guess a splash of hot coffee had gone into this lad's face. But before he let out another yelp there was a second roar, another terrifying screech overhead, followed by another cloud of dirt going skyward. At any rate, they didn't happen to have our range, and I was sure it was the French

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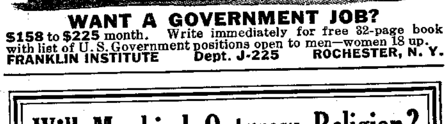

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, N. Y.

artillery they were after. So I went on eating, altho the fried potatoes sort of stuck in my throat. The two lieutenants sitting near me were apparently waiting to see what I intended to do. It was up to me to appear calm, whether I was or not. So I just took another spoonful of stew.

The shells began falling a bit nearer now. They were shortening up on the range. One burst in the road right near by, and when the smoke cleared there was a Frenchman writhing with a leg bashed clean off. Another shell plumped in the road. The fragments barely missed the horses that were draggin' an eight-inch gun. The horses lunged, and both team and gun went rollin' end over end down the embankment. As the gun crew started down to the rescue, I shouted to those of my men who were still out in the open:

"Who'll volunteer to help me haul that gun back up the embankment?"

"I."

"Here."

"Me, too."

"I'll go."

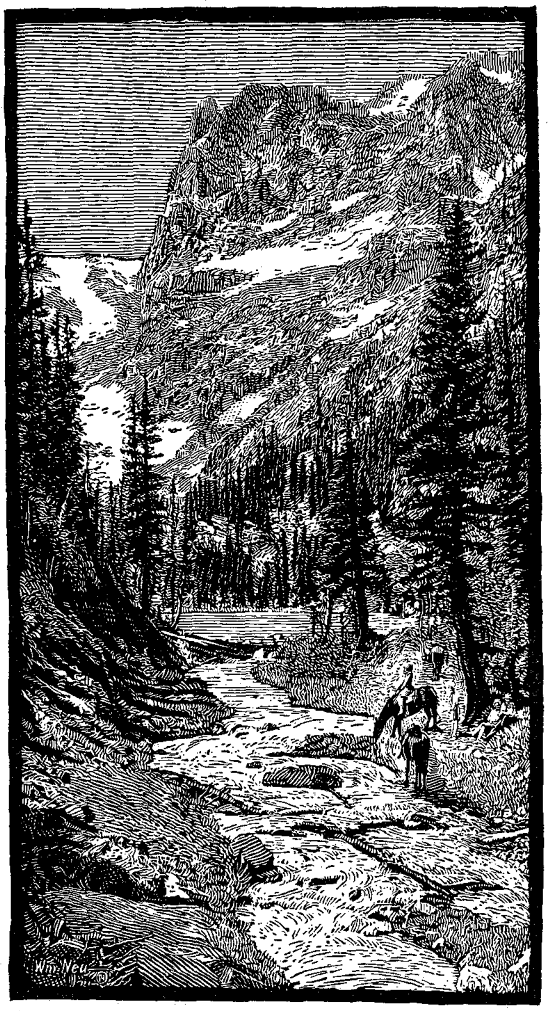
Every man in sight responded. The others would have come, too, but they had sought shelter, which was only human. If I'd a been a buck private, I probably would've been the first man to dive into that dugout. Anyhow, we all had a hunch that the sooner we assisted the Frenchies to get on down the road and out of our neighborhood the sooner the Germans would allow us to finish our first meal near the front without seasoning our stew with any more lead and steel. So we hustled out some ropes, turned the gun right side up, and boosted it up the embankment. Meanwhile plenty of shells were coming over. And I guess the only thing that saved us was that so many of their messages of hate were duds. Out of thirty or forty that plumped down all around us, only seven exploded.

And then came that German shell that didn't burst. When every one had recovered from the excitement, and had finished the interrupted meal, the troops moved resolutely on up to the front. There they found more excitement, tragedy, humor, deeds of valor. Let us hear, first of all, Woodfill's account of a comic interlude involving a badly rattled but eminently spunky soldier, who might have lost his life but, fortunately, did not. We are told:

One of our sentries spent a lonesome night in an outpost with nothin' to do except stalk cooties. But along about 3 A. M. he heard some suspicious sounds out in front. The chills went down his spinal column, and grabbin' a hand grenade he threw it out over the top of the trench. But in his hurry he forgot all about the almost solid mass of wire netting that the French had strung along the top of the trench. That darn grenade of his hit the wire, and without his knowing it the grenade bounced right back over his head to the rear of the trench and went off behind him.

"Come on, you lousy Dutchmen," he yelled. "I can lick your whole blankety-blank Army."

Whereupon he grabbed a half-dozen more grenades and let 'em fly. They, of course, rebounded and began explodin' all over the place. That poor rookie thought he was in the midst of a fierce assault, and kept on throwin' hand grenades as fast as he could pick 'em up. The only thing that saved him from wasting the whole stack of ammunition was when one of the bombs



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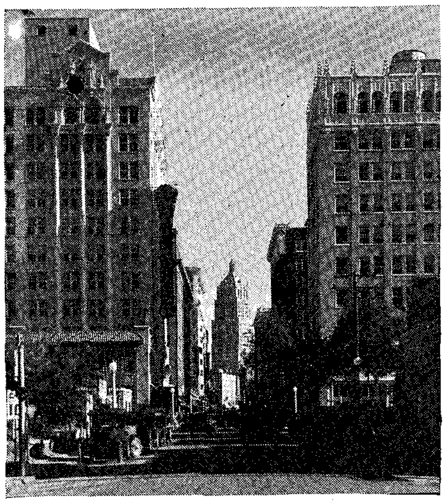

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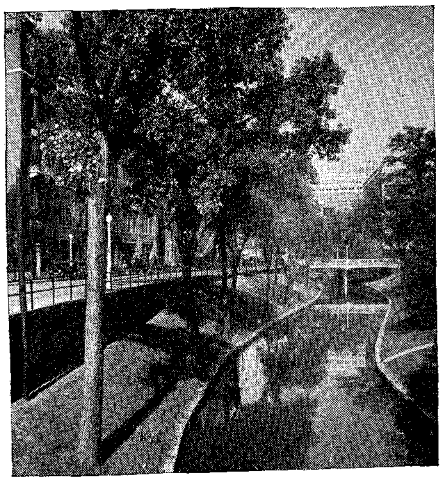

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

went off so close to him that it knocked him out.

Later there was a similar "show," but one more in earnest. We read:

Another chap in our outfit was driven from his outpost by a party of German midnight prowlers. They chased him out with hand grenades and machine-gun fire. It was a real show this time, however. Corporal Charles Rounds was this chap's name. He was a cool bird, too. After the grenades stopt explodin' he returned from around a bend in the communication trench, where he had fled, spit on his shoes for luck, and crawled right in under their machine-gun fire, which was a bit high. Then he opened up with his automatic rifle and drove off the entire raiding party.

That lad, Charley Rounds, was a fighter from away back. He took another wallop at the Germans during the Argonne fracas. He got curious concerning the location of some German machine-gun nests and battery positions, so he just pushed off alone on a little reconnoiterin' jaunt. He discovered the positions he was lookin' for and crawled back to the lines to give the information to our gunners. Then our artillery blew 'em right off the map. Charley got the D. S. C. for that.

But Woodfill was just as much in the thick of things as his men. One night during a German attack some barbed-wire entanglements were damaged. The veteran decided to repair them himself. But he needed help. So, we are told:

"Volunteers for repairing the wire," I sang out. A half-dozen responded, and of these I picked three: "You, Sergeant Nelson; you Sergeant Blackmore; and you, Private Smith."

These three were old regulars. I figured for our first real rumpus it might be wiser to pick men who had been through the mill, who had made soldierin' their business. The Germans were sure to have their patrols and snipers keeping a sharp lookout on the gap in the wire they had made. So it was hardly a job for butter-fingered rookies.

"Keep close behind me, keep low, and keep your rifles down," I whispered.

Everything seemed as quiet and peaceful as the Garden of Eden before the fall. It was one of those perfect midsummer days in one of the loveliest parts of France. And when they have 'em perfect over there, they're just about as perfect as you'll ever find 'em this side of the Pearly Gates. Over in the east were the other ranges of the Vosges, with their slopes covered from base to crest with luxuriant green woods. The only sound that came to our ears was a sound as peaceful as tho we were startin' on a huntin' trek in the Alaskan forest. It was the sound of men choppin' and sawin' wood over in the German lines. The sun was on full candle-power. That was just the trouble, too. It was a bit too bright for work like ours. But there was a lot of repairing to be done in that wire, and it wouldn't do to leave it until nightfall, because the Heinies might come over in force, rush through the gap in the wire, and get revenge for the way they had been messed up on the previous night. They had done a tiptop piece of work as far as they got before their flame-thrower went fut and they had to retreat. They had snipped a curvin' passage through the seventy-foot barricade of wire that was six feet wide. And every inch of that six feet, clean through the entanglement, had been redded up as neatly as your front lawn on Saturday afternoon. I couldn't find any wire or shrubbery in that six-foot barbed-wire avenue, not even a piece the size of a lead pencil. We certainly doffed our tin kellys to the Heinies for their thoroughness. They had not taken any chances on a man betraying their movement toward us by crackin' twigs under his feet.

They also had cut another place away in the middle of the barbed-wire belt all the way round a big tree. They had made that island within a hundred feet of our gun booth. That's where their machine-gunner had taken up his position, and we found a lot of empty shells all around.

"Keep your eye peeled for Boche snipers," Woodfill whispered to Nelson, before he struck out. Then:

Lying flat on my stomach, slithering back and forth like a mountain lion stalkin' its prey, I started to weave in new wire and close up that gap. For half an hour I worked steadily, and during that time I succeeded in finishing up one full spool of wire and had just started a second one. Still not a sound but the wood chopping over on the other side of No Man's Land. I figured the Heinies must be resting up after their night raid. By that time I had worked over a little crest, and my three men were crawling along just behind.

Ping! Right past my ear like the crack of a whip! Machine-gun bullets. I pancaked on the ground. Rat-a-tat-tat, rat-a-tat-tat, they went zipping over my back. No place for a fat man. If I'd measured six inches thicker around the waist that gunner would have put creases in my undershirt. The dirt and rocks began to fly. Barbed wire started snapping into pieces. Then he must have pulled down on his gun, because the bullets began hitting hardly two feet in front of me. So I didn't move a hair. And in a few minutes the gunner either lost sight of me or I had given what he considered a perfect imitation of a dead soldier. He ceased operations; I began them. You should've seen me slide away from that place. I pushed backward over the crest of the hill and down to where the rest of the boys were lying.

"Come on, let's sneak around to the other side of this knoll," I whispered. "Mebbe we can get in a bit of work there."

The way things were only one man could do any wiring at a time. I hauled it after me and started in again. But I just started and that was all. Crack! Crack! Crack! Those German machine-gunners certainly were on their job. This time they were after me from a little hill across the creek, about three hundred yards away. I pancaked again, if anything, flatter than before. This time it was in a path of weeds. Good tall ones, too, luckily for me. The gunner guessed wrong in their height. His bullets were mowing 'em down like a farmer goin' through a hay field. A few inches lower and it would have been *finis la guerre* for your truly.

Nelson and Blackmore and Smith were twenty feet or so behind me, and when Fritz had knocked off for a moment I slithered back to them.

"Those Heinies don't seem to like me," I remarked.

"What do you expect 'em to do?" growled Hans. "Serve you beer?"

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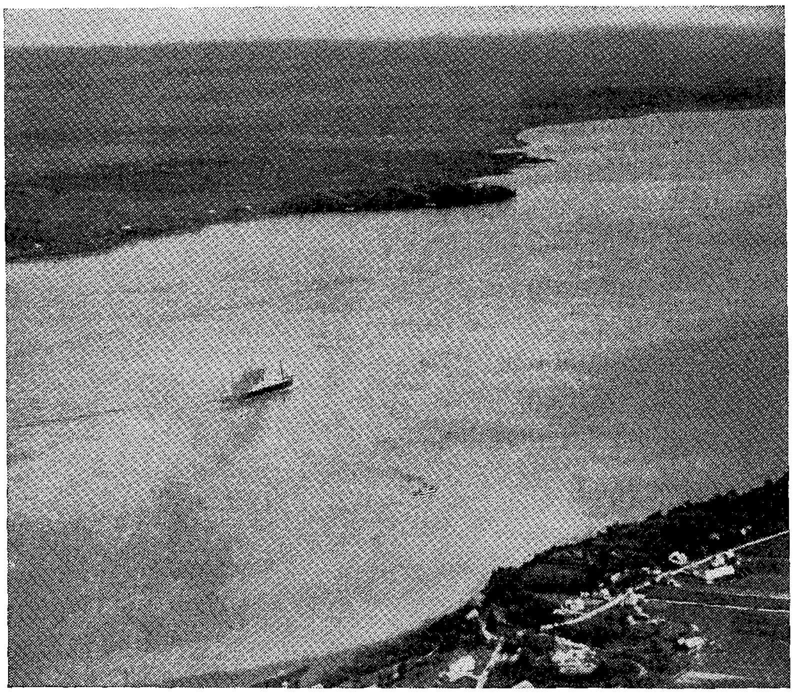

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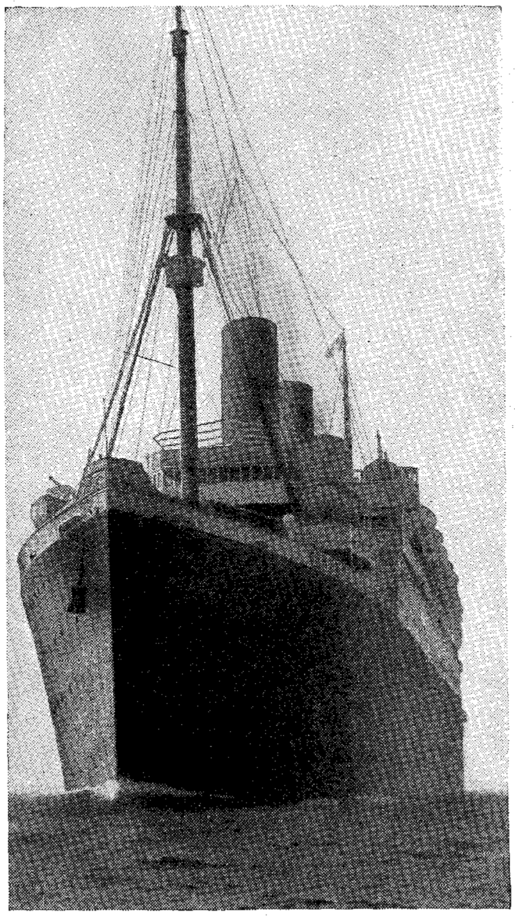

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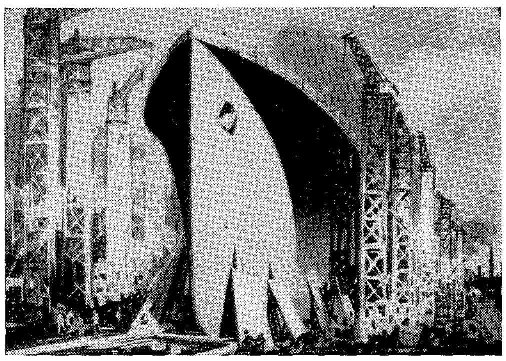

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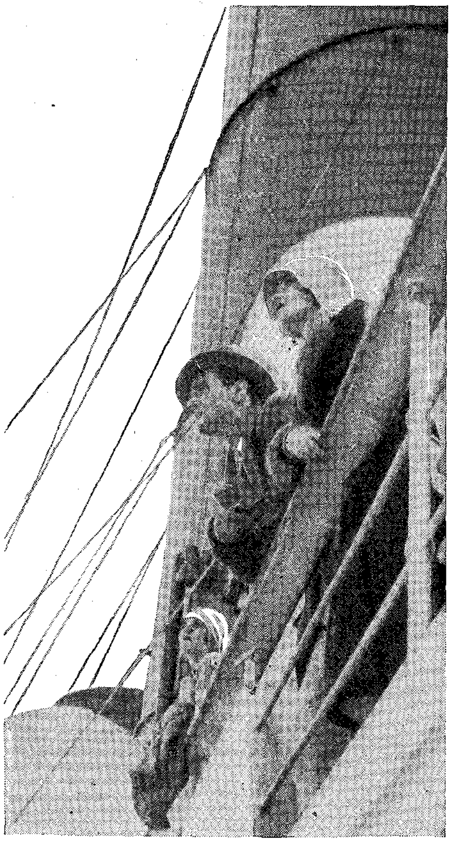

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A WOMAN'S TIPS TO MANUFACTURERS

Blue shoe-polish.

Heat-proof glass candy-boxes.

Rubber rings on all screw-top glass jars.

Coat and bundle-hooks on all penny-in-the-slot weighing machines.

Well, why not? wonders Edna M. Fuller in *Advertising & Selling*. Miss (or perhaps Mrs.) Fuller has been shopping, and has failed to find many things she wants. She wishes that manufacturers would make them, and believes that enough other women wish the same to make them profitable. This writer is puzzled, because manufacturers "try so hard to get us to desire things for which we have not yet felt a need," but "continue to overlook so many of our real necessities."

Taking up blue shoe-polish first, she says:

> There seems to be no such thing on the market, altho blue shoes have been worn with increasing popularity for at least three years.
>
> I am particularly fond of blue shoes.
>
> But much, much too soon, what with being kicked and nicked on crowded streets and in subway mobs, they get scrubby-looking, and nothing can be done to restore them. At the shoe stores and department stores, it is true, they offer me a "neutral cream," which does clean the shoes and give them a temporary gloss, but it can not stain the mean little patches where the blue has been scarred off. So the pet blue shoes must be discarded while they are still shapely.
>
> I'm fussy about shoes, but I do want to get my money's worth out of them.
>
> Nor is blue shoe-polish the only thing I've hunted for without finding it. I wanted a dressing-table, the kind one hangs petticoats all round about, and an old-fashioned mirror over. And, having limited storage space, I had set my heart on a two-purpose dressing-table, one with a narrow shelf beneath to hold boxes of varying sizes, and thus be a grand catch-all. Or, better yet, I thought of it as a place to conceal shoe-boxes. But could I find a dressing-table with a low-down shelf? Or a set of shoe-boxes that would be willing to hide under a table? I could not. The dressing-tables were all for show, and shelf-less; the shoe-box sets were tall and thin.
>
> But what a chance some manufacturer is missing, to offer to apartment-living women another thing they've always wanted—perhaps unconsciously—a combination dressing-table and hideaway. The shelf should not, of course, extend all the way to the front—it must leave room for one's knees to slip under—but there should be a lot of space behind, ideal for shoe-boxes.

As for glass candy-boxes, fireproof or otherwise, Miss Fuller suggests some real uses for them, thus:

> It's amazing that so many of the manufacturers lack the inspiration to give us candy in boxes we'd be glad to keep around, instead of throwing out with the waste.
>
> Surely, that would be one of the best and simplest ways to keep their names before us—their public.
>
> Bonbons and chocolates would pack so attractively in glass boxes which might afterward be used as ice-box dishes. And if they were of glass which doesn't mind heat, suitable for jelly molds, or baking-dishes—well, that would be the brand of sweets that knowing people would bring to my house.
>
> A number of food products come in glasses with the handy screw tops. The large ones would make splendid jars for home-made pickles and preserves, which most women like to fuss with once in a while, if only the manufacturers would provide rubbers so that they might be sealed airtight.
>
> But if there are rubbers to fit, I've never heard of them.
>
> The smaller screw-top glasses are ideal for spices. Fancy labels for these would be convenient, and add to the beauty of our colorful kitchens.
>
> But where to get the labels?
>
> And wouldn't a dozen-fitting rack to hang on the kitchen wall be perfect?

Continuing to consider food and related matters, the writer asks:

> Do you, Mr. Manufacturer, ever eat quick lunches at soda-fountains?
>
> And if so, what do you do with your umbrella (or cane)?
>
> And packages?
>
> Do you find space on top of the counter—space that is neither wet nor sticky?
>
> Or can you hold things in your lap while sitting on a high stool?
>
> Then, before this late day, why haven't we of the proletariat had the convenience of shelves and hooks under soda-fountain counters?
>
> Let us have hooks and shelves for weighing scales, too. Is it possible to tell how much we've taken off, if we weigh while wearing coats, holding pocketbooks, and maybe packages?

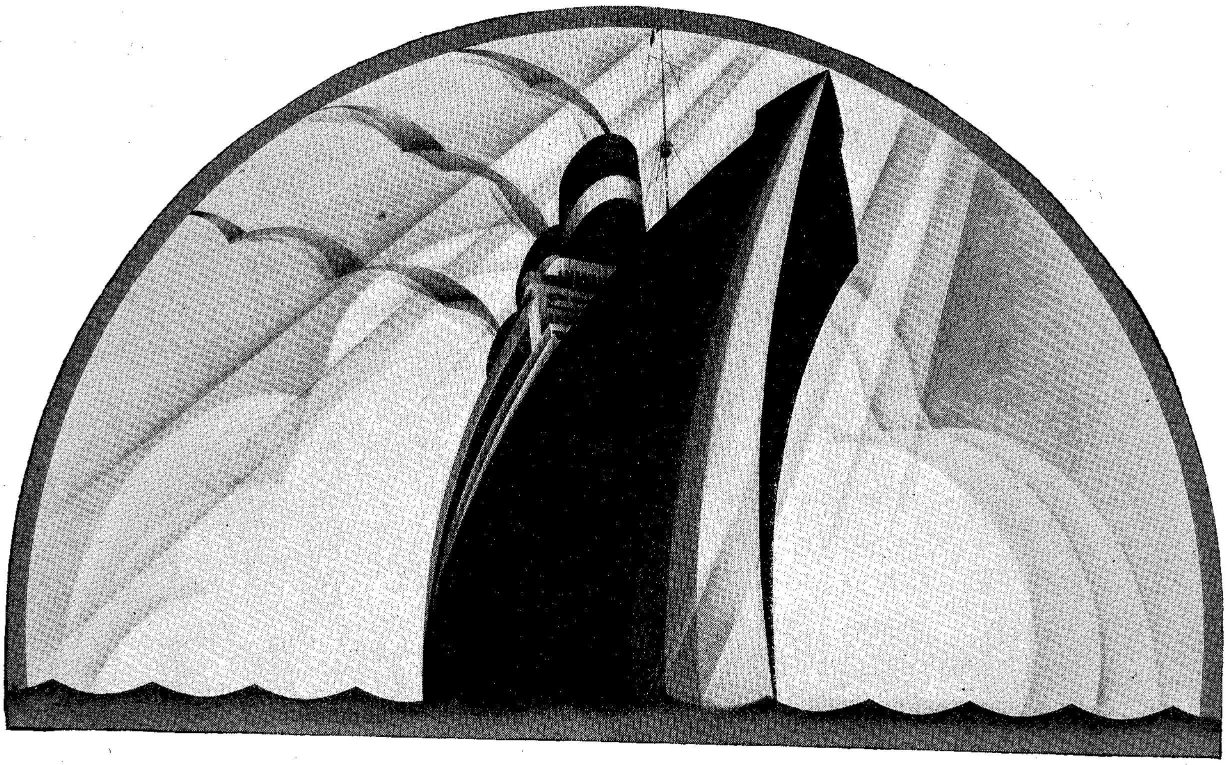
HOW PARIS FELL FOR THE "FIVE-AND-TEN" STORE

"It is an antidote for the poison of Communism," remarks a French economist.

He had been watching a working-class mob of shoppers enjoying the novel experience of buying, at trifling prices, articles which looked just as fine as the things used by rich folk. For the *cinq-et-dix* store had arrived in Paris, and brought with it a fresh and stimulating influence.

But, we hasten to add, five-and-ten in this case does not mean a nickel and a dime, but, rather, five and ten francs, approximately twenty and forty cents. The effect on the French people is expected to be far-reaching, we may judge from a copyrighted Paris dispatch by Raymond G. Carroll in the New York *Evening Post*. In a word, the new five-and-ten venture will mean that many French people will begin to buy new merchandise. There are people in France, Mr. Carroll tells us, who have never owned anything new. Reading on:

> They acquire only second-hand furniture, second-hand clothing, and second-hand everything else. They are born, live, and die in a subordinate world of somebody else's leftovers.
>
> In droves they patronize the Marché aux Puces (the Flea Market), the Marché du Temple, and the other open-air markets



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GREAT SOUTHERN RAILWAYS OF IRELAND

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

and the fairs of Paris where are sold a quaint hotch-potch of rubbish in which is occasionally found an old picture or an old book of value, or a piece of antique furniture.

Indeed, if they do experience the miracle of buying anything new, it comes from the barrow markets scattered all over the city in the poor districts.

"Well I know this to be true," said Gabriel Gelot, manager of the first five-and-ten store to be opened in France. "I was many years at the Bon Marché, and in charge of the foreign sales at that emporium. Here at the *Cinq-et-Dix* we have for our customers the real working people of Paris, who are given the choice of more than fifteen hundred articles, ranging from Belgian underwear to German toys, Italian art objects to Czecho-Slovakian glassware—the bulk, however, of French manufacture."

The store is the first of twenty to be opened in Paris. Later, the venture is to be extended to the industrial centers of Lyons, Lille, and Toulouse, and the seaports of Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Brest. It costs approximately 1,000,000 francs to equip and launch a single store. The capital is American, but the general manager is Jean Audibert, a Frenchman.

The sales force is composed of young women who wear yellow gowns faced with red. The counters are all painted red, and the lighting is of the indirect sort coming out of circular devices of concrete that extend downward from the ceiling like stovepipe hats over the goods. A skylight gives added light to the interior. The effect of the façade and the inside is decorative. The store has been thronged since its opening.

M. Gelot, the manager, says Mr. Carroll, is the perfect salesman, a man of manners and tact, with a short beard and kindly eyes. Of his method we read:

A woman approached, holding a small child in one arm and a tiny, unbreakable rubber doll in the other. It appeared that the doll had been bought without its previous submission to the child. The youngster had taken an aversion to it, and the mother wished to exchange it for another.

"Why, certainly, Madame," said M. Gelot, bowing graciously, escorting her to the doll counter, where the child was instructed to pick out any doll she wished from the varied assortment.

A number of women came in asking for some cotton-and-wool underwear they had heard about. It was for their husbands. The underwear sold for ten francs.

A pair of French-made gilded evening slippers for ten francs was a great bargain in the eyes of a poor little girl who suggested Cinderella. "Let us hope she meets her Prince," whispered M. Gelot, who supervised the sale with the same dignity he would have shown a Princess of France.

French workers, and lesser employees long have needed stores operated at selling prices within their means. The *Cinq-et-Dix* comes to them as a great boon. We watched a young man in the blue blouse of a worker in the abattoirs of La Villette finger over the assortment of cigaret cases, finally selecting one for five francs that looked as fine as real silver and gold.

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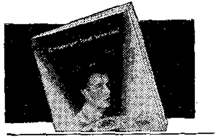

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

February 26.—A rebel army of about 2,000 peasants takes possession of Santo Domingo after forcing the Government to negotiate for a settlement of their grievances.

Former Premier André Tardieu accepts the task of forming a new French Cabinet.

Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State under Pius X, and more recently Archpriest of the Vatican Basilica and Secretary of the Holy Office, dies under an operation in Rome. He was sixty-four.

February 27.—Republican demonstrations occur in Madrid, Spain, and Communists shout "Death to the King!" and "Long live the Republic!"

Chief Rabbi Menachem Gluskin and several other rabbis of Minsk deny reports of persecution and execution, defend the Soviet as the only government openly opposing anti-Semitism, and appeal to Jews throughout the world not to support foreign agitation against the Soviet Government. Premier Alexis Rykov states to Ed L. Keen, Vice-President of the United Press Bureau, that there is no organized persecution of the churches, but that the complete elimination of religion is the Soviet aim.

Ahmed Mirza, deposed Shah of Persia, dies in Paris, where he had lived as an exile for five years. He was thirty-two.

February 28.—Rafael Estrella Urena, a leader of the insurgents who marched into Santo Domingo, is named provisional President to hold office until after the elections in May.

A Roman Catholic Bishop, priest and three Chinese nuns are reported to have been murdered by Chinese bandits near Suipin.

The British Government bans intercessory prayers for the persecuted Russians at religious services in the Army and Navy.

March 1.—Unrest continues in Spain, and all public meetings and demonstrations are forbidden.

Industrial production in Russia increased 27 per cent. during the first four months of this fiscal year, as compared with the 20.9 per cent. increase for the same period of a year ago, according to official figures; but it is pointed out that a 32 per cent. increase was the goal set.

André Tardieu completes his Cabinet, with himself as Premier of France and Minister of the Interior, and Aristide Briand as Foreign Minister.

March 2.—Joseph Stalin, general secretary of the Communist party in Russia, warns the Communists against "a dangerous spirit of glorification and overconfidence" engendered by their "successes."

March 3.—Antoine Rigal, President of a number of Liberal organizations, and Seymour Pradel, Chairman of the National League for Constitutional action, representing 150,000 Haitians, testify before President Hoover's Haitian investigation commission that Brig.-Gen. John H. Russell, American High Commissioner, is virtually a dictator, and that a massacre will result if a popular election of a President is not permitted.

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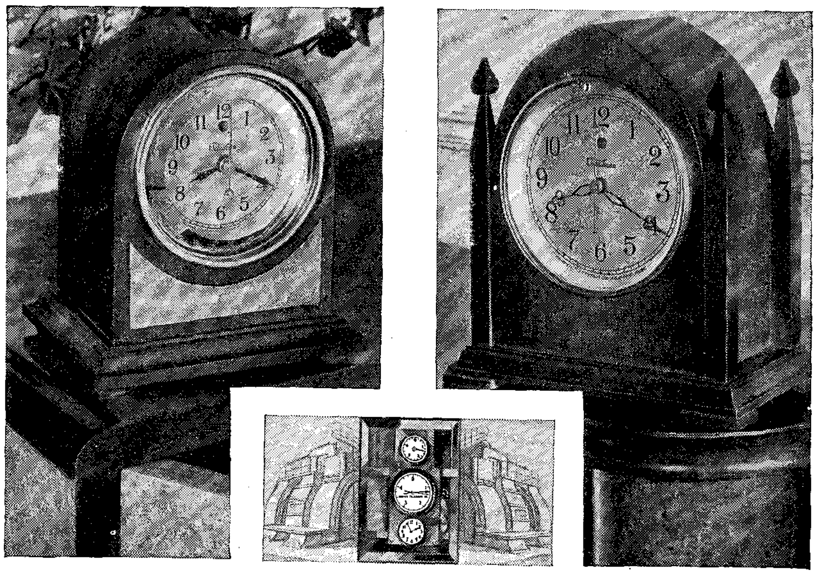

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CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

D. H. Lawrence, noted British novelist and poet, dies at Vence, France. He was forty-four.

DOMESTIC

February 26.—Gen. W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, tells the House Judiciary Committee that "the cause of temperance has lost ground in the last ten years," and that the problem should be referred to the States, and Father John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University of America, who says he was an original supporter of Prohibition, declares that Prohibition "sears everything it touches, and confuses the mental processes of higher officials."

February 27.—Pierre S. du Pont, head of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company, testifying before the House Judiciary Committee, recommends State liquor control as an aid to temperance.

Maj. George Haven Putnam, veteran New York publisher, dies in his eighty-sixth year.

February 28.—The Senate defeats, 39 to 27, an amendment of Senator Thomas of Oklahoma proposing a duty of $1.00 a barrel on crude oil and fifty cents ad valorem duty on oil derivatives.

Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, urges Congress to voice its protests against the alleged atrocities in Russia, without, however, conveying any implication of intervention.

March 2.—A plea for "reduction, not mere limitation of armaments," signed by more than 1,200 representative men and women, is cabled to the American delegation in London.

Matthew Woll, acting President of the National Civic Federation and Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, says in a letter to 500 commercial organizations and to all members of Congress that the Communist International, the propaganda agency of the Soviet Government, is directly responsible for the riots of the so-called "unemployed" in this country.

March 3.—Senator Robert F. Wagner, Democrat, of New York, declares that the country is confronted with "a tragedy of three acts—idleness, poverty and charity," and that figures from the Bureau of Labor show that 9 per cent. of the men and women on factory pay-rolls have been discharged, and that in forty cities 19 per cent. of the union members were idle in January, and that Secretary Lamont reports that the amount of building contracts awarded in January, 1930, were $86,000,000 below that of January, 1929.

March 4.—The wets end their testimony before the House Judiciary Committee, among the last witnesses being Mrs. Courtlandt Nicoll of New York, who says that the women of the country are going to eliminate that "arch-hypocrite," the drinking dry legislator.

The Coolidge Dam, the great irrigation structure on the Gila River in Arizona, is formally dedicated by ex-President Coolidge.

Acknowledging the existence of "distressing unemployment," and estimating that 3,000,000 are out of work, Secretary Davis asserts that the Hoover Administration has kept unemployment down to less than "one-half that of previous crashes," and that passage of the tariff and public-buildings bills would improve the situation.

CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

TENNYSON may be in the shadows for some modern tastes, but real lovers of poetry will find an interest in excerpts from a recently published play "The Devil and the Lady" (Macmillan), gleaned by *Public Opinion* (London). The play was written when the poet was fourteen:

"The cool and pearly grey of dawn hath crept
Into the sable bosom of the night."

* * *

"Lest in the misty wrappings of grey clouds
We lose that island-space of narrowing blue."

* * *

"Ere yet again the silver moon shall fill
The curvèd radiance of her glowing horns."

* * *

"How, in thy tedious absence, shall I chide
The lazy motion of the lagging hours?"

* * *

"No colloquy of soft-tonguèd whisperings,
Like the low-hum of the delighted bee
I' th' calyx of a lily."

* * *

"Gaze on the mirror of the silver lake
In its clear picture deftly pencilling
The soft inversion of the tremulous woods."

* * *

"Through the deep purple of the summer sky."

* * *

"Like some young ashwood when the argent Moon
Looks in upon its many silver stems."

ONE sees the signs of the mature Tennyson in the above, as well as his moral feeling in the following on the mystery of evil:

"O earthlines!
Man clambers over the high battlements
That part the principalities of good
And ill—perchance a few hot tears, and then
The sear'd heart yields to't and Crime's signet stamps
His burning image there. The summer fly
That skims the surface of the black deep pool
Knows not the gulf beneath its slippery path.
Man sees but plunges madly into it.
We follow through a night of crime and care
The voice of soft Temptation, still it calls,
And still we follow onwards, till we find
She is a Phantom and—we follow still
When couched in Boyhood's passionless tranquillity."

WHAT might seem cynical is turned to something milder in the last line in this from *The Nation and the Athenæum* (London):

THE POMP OF DEATH

BY J. P. WINCKWORTH

They told me she had died,
And everybody sighed—
For her, for me, or for themselves?

They ordered mourning bands,
They seemed to wring their hands—
For her, for me, or for themselves?

The coffin came, and flowers
With notes, arrived in showers,
For her, for me, or for themselves?

'Twas not for her,
For she was far away,
Far from this Earth's decay.

'Twas not for me,
I only long'd to pray,
Without such vain display.

Perhaps 'twas for themselves,
For in this subtle way
The pomp of Death holds sway.

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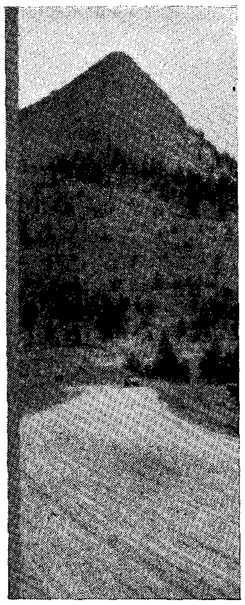
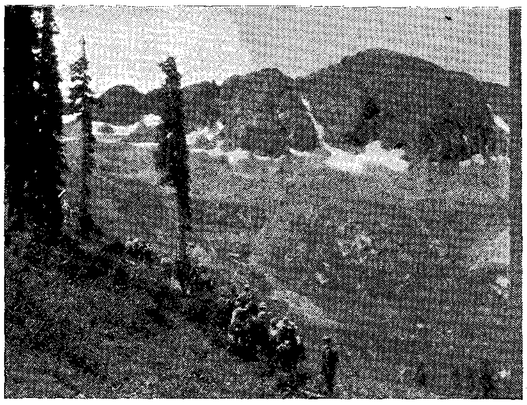


ABOVE: Riley Peak and a Colorado Highway.
TOP RIGHT: At Timberline on the Trail to Aztec Mountain, Seen at the Right.
BELOW: Colorado Apple Trees Yield Generously and Deliciously.



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CURRENT POETRY
Continued

Here are two poems to read to the children from a new book, "Around a Toadstool Table." (Thomas S. Rockwell Company, Chicago):

UNDER THE TENT OF THE SKY

By Rowena Baston Bennett

The wind cracked his whip,
The storm flashed a gun,
And the animal-clouds marched one by one
Under the tent of the sky.

There were elephants, blue,
And shaggy white bears,
And dozens and dozens of prancing gray mares
With their beautiful heads held high.

MOTOR CARS

By Rowena Baston Bennett

From a city window, way up high,
I like to watch the cars go by.
They look like burnished beetles, black,
That leave a little muddy track
Behind them as they slowly crawl.
Sometimes they do not move at all
But huddle close with hum and drone
As though they feared to be alone.
They grope their way through fog and night
With the golden feelers of their light.

Many faces will turn to Greece when she celebrates her hundred years of independence this year. In *The English Review* (London) is a nostalgic thought that will be present amid all the celebrating:

NOSTALGIA

By Sturge Moore

Alas, O Hellas lorn and whist,
Statues on culminant crags of long
Nude promontories no more list
To islands glamorous with song!

Unmatchable Acropolis,
Thou blossom rooted in mean lanes
Of small plain homes, can aught that is
Console us for thy shattered fanes?

Afar thy hardy frugal youth
That was—and dared—the heroic deed—
Thy mind on beauty fed, which truth
Could not confuse with her drugg'd mead!

Our hearts, like icebergs, drifting south,
Would strand where ruins are divine,
And, neighbour to a baked rock's drouth,
Lose form and substance, dreaming thine,

Dead land, still hugged by thy warm sea
Nymphless, unfauned, uncentaurèd!
Only thy Sphinx still potently
Smiles when we ask her what she said!

Science takes away as much as she brings, if we measure material and spiritual values. *Harper's* reminds us:

OBSERVATION

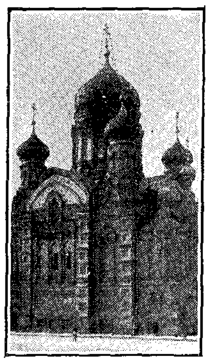
By Samuel Hoffenstein

Little by little we subtract
Faith and Fallacy from Fact,
The Illusory from the True,
And starve upon the Residue.

What is the sense in tears or laughter?
The Root of things is what we're after:
But fallen trees will spill their fruit
And worms and darkness keep the root.

Fallen days will spill their sun,
But paper heavens must be won,
And so, while we geometrize,
A bird out-twits us, twice as wise.

Mere matter is not all of marrow,
The harvest leaps not from the harrow,
And a push-button will not light
Joy by day or stars by night.



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YOSEMITE & MARIPOSA BIG TREES

WILL the lover look back and sigh after such a parting? Found in *The Carillon* (Washington, D. C.):

THE STIRRUP CUP

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

The lover that you kiss will ride away—
The lover you deny may long—and stay,
Yet—life hath but one spring, and kisses are
May-dawn and daffodil and evening star;
And there's a ribbon path before my door
Where many cavaliers have passed before.
So—call your horse, pick up your bridle-rein,
Snatch off your hat, and sigh—And now, bend low,
This is the stirrup cup that bids you go.
Surely, 'tis worth this parting's little pain?
Nay, but go quickly now, the sun is high—
God send you a good journey—and good-bye.

THE rarely heard voice of Aline Kilmer sounds in *The Carillon* (Washington, D. C.) with her accustomed delicacy:

SONG

BY ALINE KILMER

How I loved to lean above you,
    Laughing at you,
Swearing that I did not love you—
    God knows I do!

Sorry now and quite relenting,
    Heartsick with fear,
I regret all my tormenting
    When you were here.

Had I sworn that I adored you
    Now I'd be glad;
But perhaps I might have bored you
    If I had.

SPRING sets the lover to making rimes to his fair one, but this bard, who prefers anonymity in the Stanford *Chaparral*, reverses the usual point:

THINGS ARE BRIGHTER

Today the hills appear more green,
The skies take on a bluer sheen;
I notice flowers here and there
A-bloom in fields that once were bare.
Such new delights I now behold
As in the blinded days of old
I missed for seeing only you.
Elysian vistas come to view,
My spirits soar to heights above
Because I've fallen out of love.

Something with the flavor of folk-lore from the *Atlantic Monthly:*

ORDER OF SERVICE

Sunday morning, near Wheeling, on the Ohio, June 1810

BY MERLE COLBY

Hold up, hold up, you Jersey folk,
Fetch in the reins, you 'Ghany men!
All Yanks and Dutchies halt your yoke:
The foremost wagon's bogged again.
Bogged down hub-deep in 'Hio clay—
The Devil take these watersheds.
Hi-yup! The foremost wagon, hey!
Pour leather in them tender-breds!
    (*Here shall the horses bow their heads.*

Come up, come up, you wagoneers,
Hitch up your belts a notch or two;
Bring on that team of bull-neck steers—
There's work ahead for steers to do.
On-hook them horses' traces, Jem,
Yoke on them critters. Jonas, peel
Your coat, and fling it under 'em—
They've lost their footen—let 'em feel. . . .
    (*In this place shall the oxen kneel.*

You jaunten-men, you 'Ginny lads,
You Methody one-horse preacher folks,
Light down from off your drivers' pads
And put your weight against them spokes.
She's clear. Hi-yup, and let 'em roll!
Pass on the word we roll again.
—The Devil takes the Devil's toll,
But can't keep Us from travelen!
    (*And all the people shall say Amen.*

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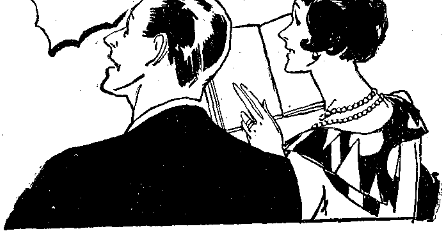

INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

THE SWEDISH MATCH TRUST'S AMAZING VERSATILITY

"HOW many millions can be balanced on the tip of a match?"

This paraphrase of the old theological riddle about the angels and the point of a needle comes to the mind of a writer in *The American Bankers' Association Journal* as he discusses that amazing organization known as the Swedish Match Trust. Of course, continues this writer, the remark would not be exactly accurate, "since the rather imposing financial structure built up by Ivar Kreuger now rests on many other supports in addition to matches; there are, for instance, the famous Grängesberg iron-ore mines in Sweden, choice real estate in Stockholm and Berlin, water-power resources, lumber and pulp mills, banks and other financing organizations, and government loans, to mention only the outstanding items."

The writer—whom the editor of the banking journal describes as "a man who knows his matches, but must perforce remain anonymous"— finds it difficult to devise a condensed definition which would do justice to the versatility of the Kreuger concern. Perhaps, he suggests, it might be regarded "as a rather specialized investment trust controlling as a holding company an extensive industrial organization devoted to the production and sale of matches and related materials, and machinery, on a world scale, in addition to its holdings enumerated above." He thinks it "might be safe to describe this organization as the most advanced type of international trust in existence and a prototype of the international trust of the future." This is not because of its size, which is exceeded by other combinations, but because it is so highly integrated, and because it controls so many of its markets through long-term government monopolies.

At the head of the concern is Kreuger and Toll A.B., officially described as an "organizing, managing, and financing company," which is really an investment trust, a holding company for Kreuger's interests in the world match industry. The corporation's assets, according to a recent analysis, amounted to $230,000,000, including State loans, real estate, industrial shares, and bank shares. Two of the chief subsidiaries not concerned with the match business are the Swedish American Investment Corporation and an Amsterdam subsidiary.

An interesting thing about the Swedish Match Trust, we read, is the way it uses its vast financial resources to acquire monopolies through government loans; "these monopoly arrangements give the trust a legalized control of certain markets for long periods, with the solid foundation of the close tie-up with the financial systems of the countries involved." For instance, last fall the German Government negotiated a loan with this organization for $125,000,000 at 6 per cent. In return the Government gave the trust a fifty-year monopoly to supply about 70 per cent. of the German match demand. We read:

> It goes without saying that the arrangement has met with severe criticism on the part of the Soviet Government, as it will mean a practical exclusion of Russian matches from the German market. The Soviet foreign-trade organ in Germany has denounced it as a hostile act against the Soviet Government. Incidentally, it should be pointed out that matches, on account of their characteristics, such as universality of demand, convenience, low-unit price, etc., have always been regarded as an ideal object for government monopolies, so that the trust was not under necessity of selling a new idea to the governments involved. As stated by a British author, "it has attracted the cupidity of various Chancellors of the Exchequer," and probably will for some time to come.

The match business of the trust is done by the famous Swedish Match Company, another holding company, which controls all the subsidiary match, chemical, machinery, lumber and other plants in Sweden, and a number of match-making or selling concerns in other countries. It controls, for instance, the International Match Company, "which manufactures the bulk of the matches consumed in the United States as well as supplies most of the imported matches through the Vulcan Match Company."

The International Match Company "is the main channel for the flow of American capital into the expansion activities of the trust in the way of foreign-match monopolies and the resulting government loans." For instance, it was through this corporation that France was loaned $75,000,000 in November, 1927, to retire an earlier bond issue (floated in the United States) carrying a higher interest rate. At this time the Swedish Match Company obtained in return a partial foothold in the French market. To continue:

> At present, the match trust has absolute monopolies, based on legal sanctions, in nine countries, not counting the arrangement with the French Government for the supply of certain materials and imported matches, or the partial monopoly in Germany. This does not include the partial control of numerous markets through ownership of the principal match plants, as is the case in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and parts of the British Empire. The monopoly agreements are generally for long periods, up to fifty years, thereby giving the industry a degree of stability enjoyed by few concerns.

ADVERTISING AS A SPUR TO PROSPERITY

THE idea that the problem of hastening the revival of business activity is one of distribution rather than production, and that therefore advertising will play a large part in solving it, has recently been advanced by a leading banker and by a leading statistician.

"Well-directed advertising can do more than any other one factor to hasten economic recovery in the United States," says Roger W. Babson in the Philadelphia *Bulletin*.

The time to advertise, he counsels business men, "is when sales are hard—contrary to the general practise of advertising when business is good and sales are easy." According to this statistical and investment authority, advertising offers a double opportunity:

> First, it enables individual business men to meet effectively the unusually severe competition of the present period, and second, it renders the country a great economic service.
>
> From a purely selfish standpoint it pays to keep up one's advertising, as thousands of individual experiences have proven. The general economic benefits to the country as a whole, however, are just as real, but are not so generally recognized.
>
> In 1929, we spent about two billion dollars on various kinds of advertising.
>
> This seems like a huge sum.
>
> However, when we consider that this two billion dollars' advertising was a prime force in moving about forty billion dollars' worth of goods to the consumers, the proportion does not seem large.
>
> As a matter of fact, advertising has reduced prices rather than increased them.
>
> It has done this by making possible mass production and mass distribution. Machinery brought us mass production, but only through advertising have we achieved mass distribution.
>
> Hence, instead of being a factor to increasing the cost of living, advertising has been one of the most potent factors in reducing it.
>
> Advertising has been largely responsible for the growth of our new industries, including radio, new foods, and rayon.
>
> It will continue to develop new industries, and also to promote new uses for the products of existing industries.
>
> All this means additional employment for those who are deprived of their jobs either by business depression or by labor-saving machinery and methods. Hence by assisting employment, advertising gives a vital impetus to business progress.

Instead of increasing the costs of producing and selling goods, advertising has greatly decreased such costs, declared Francis H. Sisson, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company, at a recent meeting of the New York Merchants' Association. As Mr. Sisson explains:

> The efficient producer quickly gets the bulk of the trade, expands his plant, becomes an industrial giant, and by his very growth is enabled to reduce his costs and his prices still further. Thus advertising facilitates the mass production, which, through its almost unbelievable economies, has worked hand in hand with higher wages in bringing new comforts within the financial reach of the great body of the population.

The PROVIDENT
Contentment
·Plan·

A Complete Circle of Protection
For Men Under Fifty . . . . . .

IT WILL PAY

TO YOU . . . . . $100 a month *life income* commencing at age 65.

and $100 a month if you become totally and permanently disabled before age 60. Moreover, you will be relieved of paying further premiums during such disability.

TO YOUR BENEFICIARY . . $100 a month life income if you should die.

IN ANY EVENT $100 a month for 20 years is guaranteed.

NOW, WHILE YOU ARE INSURABLE

and can spare the money, let us tell you how small a yearly saving will put this splendid *Contentment Plan* into action for the comfort of yourself and loved ones. Just fill in the blank below and mail it to us—we will send full particulars without delay.

Are you insurable TODAY?
TOMORROW you may not be.

Provident Mutual
Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna.
Founded 1865

LOW RATES—LOW COST

. . . Mail this coupon NOW!

You may send me full information and quote premium rate for a Provident Contentment Plan, on the understanding that it places me under no obligation.

I was born______ Month ______ Day ______ Year

Beneficiary born______ Month ______ Day ______ Year

My name is______

My address is______

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BEAUTIFUL
USEFUL
PRACTICAL
$3.95-
BRUSH BRASS

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

THIS beautifully decorated lamp clamps or stands everywhere. A thousand lights in one! Just the thing to attach to your bed and spend a restful hour reading. It's equally handy for your chair, desk, sewing machine, dressing table, or shaving mirror. Every member of the family will find *new* uses for it.

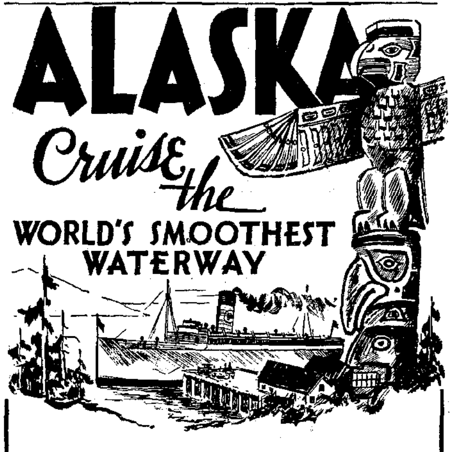
Clamps—Stands—
Hangs Everywhere

Brush Brass—$3.95; Bronze, nickel or ivory finish—$4.45.

S. W. FARBER, Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

S. W. FARBER, Inc., 141 South 5th St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Enclosed find $.........for Adjusto-Lite
in.........finish. Deliver thru
nearest dealer.
Name.........
Street.........
City.........
State......... *(Please Print)*

L-13



ALASKA

Cruise the

WORLD'S SMOOTHEST WATERWAY

. . . *the World's Wonder Waterway* . . . the famous "Inside Passage" where each hour brings a new vision of gripping interest and beauty . . . majestic glaciers . . . curious Totems . . . abandoned villages . . . and each day another quaint and colorful city . . . Skagway, of the "days of old, the days of gold" . . . Sitka, seat of Russian Rule in America. You'll enjoy this measureless, marvelous wonderland and its ease of approach will surprise you. For instance:

SOUTHEASTERN CRUISE

9 or 12 days—2,350 miles of delightful voyaging on the world-famous Inside Passage, with frequent stops at colorful, romantic cities including historic Skagway and age-old Sitka. Round trip, including berth and meals. **$100**

SOUTHWESTERN CRUISE

19 days—4,000 miles of glorious adventuring, covering practically the entire navigable coast line of Alaska, with calls at many quaint and historic cities including Kodiak. Round trip, including berth and meals. **$188**

Sailings from Seattle every few days,
May to September

Ask your local railroad or tourist agent or write for beautifully illustrated booklet.

H. B. BRITTAN, G.P.A.
653 Market Street, Dept. 3, San Francisco, Cal.

PACIFIC
STEAMSHIP COMPANY

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

A "COLLECTOR OF INCOMES" COMES TO GRIEF

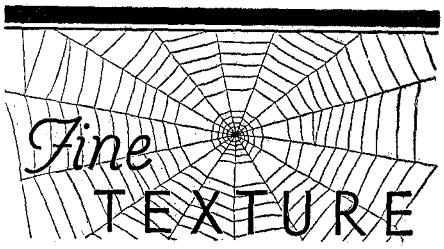
LOOK upon this picture:

Thin, dry, or rather dried up; gray hair puffed over big ears; a long face with wrinkled cheeks, yellow as old parchment. A wretched black gown with a little collar of white embroidery. A black hat hides hard eyes. She looks like a beggar woman; but when you go over her harsh features in detail, when you look at the sharp lips, the peevish eyes, the toothless mouth, you think of those schoolmistresses of whom Dickens speaks, at once austere and cruel, who will hardly give their pupils a few crums of stale bread or dry pudding.

The lady thus unflatteringly described by Georges Claretie in the Paris *Figaro*, as quoted in the New York *Times*, is a Madame Bourgeot of Versailles, who has just been sent to jail for five years, after thirty years of successful practise of the strange, but lucrative profession of "collector of incomes." As *The Times* tells the story, this financial adventuress had collected between eleven and twelve million francs from some 300 customers—of which only 350,000 francs can now be accounted for. Madame Bourgeot's somewhat "official and seductive" title seems to have imprest her clients, "mainly small bourgeois, priests innocent of business, old folk living on small, fixt incomes." *The Times* explains:

> Her functions, if they had been honestly performed, were those of an agent who cuts off and cashes coupons, transmits dividends, and sometimes advises how to "play the stock exchange." She "played" it herself with not her own money, sometimes with considerable success.
>
> In effect, she was a private banker, who never kept any accounts. She did go so far as to give receipts. Only by their means have the experts been able to follow her operations and estimate her deficit.
>
> In Versailles, as everywhere else, there are those strange people, at once suspicious and trustful, who won't put their money, or even their securities, in the bank; who, if they want to buy and sell on the stock exchange, prefer some dubious outsider to a member. This hallucination and this dupery are too common and wide-spread to justify any improving moral observations on this case. It is enough to say that on the day after the woman's arrest, a client wrote her: "Even if you are found guilty, I shall never believe in this shameful charge."
>
> A priest had deposited eleven stock certificates with her. When she gave back only ten, he remonstrated mildly. She was nobly angry. The next day the priest apologized humbly: "I crave your indulgence."

The morals of the "collector of incomes" were strictly correct, we are told. "Every Sunday, a prayer-book in her hand, her eyes fixt on the ground, she went to church, from which she returned to read financial papers and go through complicated transactions on the exchange." The air of severity, which went with the strangely



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TEXTURE

THE delightful smoothness of "Mephisto" is due to the sound, even texture of its lead. Never a flaw or fault to disturb its speed or cripple its strength.

In nearly every business and profession, there is a place for the "Mephisto". Permanency, Legibility and clean cut carbon copies are the advantages. Fine for signing letters. Made in different degrees of hardness and in colors.

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Sample "Mephisto" mailed for 10 cents. Specify use. Write for free booklet, "The Right Pencil in the Right Place."

Now 10c

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34 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

MEPHISTO
The Perfect Copying Pencil

PROBATE GENEALOGISTS
TO LAWYERS AND BANKERS

UNKNOWN and missing heirs located by a reliable organization founded 1913. Researches made in all countries (at our expense) for absent owners of probate estates, dormant bank accounts, terminated trust funds, realty, etc. *Reporting correspondents desired.* **Free** booklet to lawyers, banks, court officials.

W. C. COX & COMPANY, Inc.
Federal Reserve Bank Building **Chicago**

STANDARD GARDEN TRACTOR

Plows
Seeds
Cultivates
Mows Hay
and Lawns

A Powerful Tractor for Small Farms, Gardeners, Florists, Nurseries, Fruit Growers and Poultrymen.
DOES 4 MEN'S WORK
Walking & Riding Equipment
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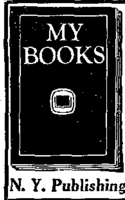
Sod in six weeks. A rich, velvety stretch of lawn that chokes out weeds before they can grow! A deep, thick, uniform turf that's everlasting and that makes your home a beauty spot.

The New Super-Lawn

Instead of sowing seed, you plant stolons or the chopped grass—and in a few weeks you have a luxuriant lawn like the deep green pile of a Turkish carpet. Read all about this unusual grass in our illustrated booklet "Bent Lawns." *Mailed on request.*

O. M. SCOTT & SONS CO.
259 Main Street, Marysville, Ohio



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Baby
Cuticura Talcum
and
All the Family
25¢ everywhere

unattractive exterior described in the *Figaro*, must have been useful, we read in *The Times;* "it testified to her honesty, as her shabby dress did to her wealth." While Madame Bourgeot must have had great conversational powers, it is noted that—

> In court she sat mute, save for an occasional protesting "Oh!" Once she transgrest her rule. Her counsel rose to say that she had a statement to make. Tears poured down the wrinkled face: "I'm awfully sorry (*j'ai énormement de regrets*)."

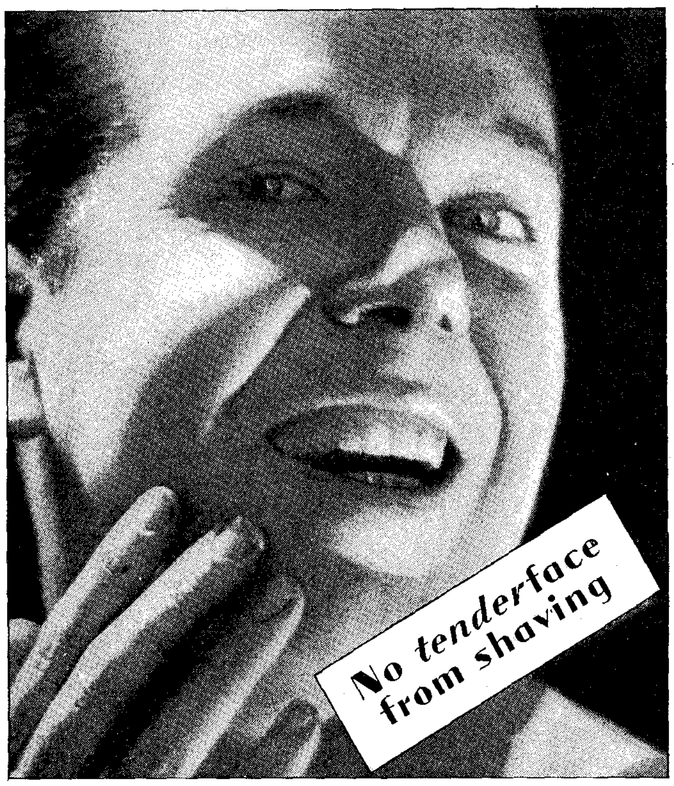
Now this woman has been sent to jail for five years. She is sixty-four years old, and *The Times* wonders, "Has she a small fortune to look forward to when her seclusion ends, or did she gull herself as well as the three hundred?"

HOW TO TRACE THE SKIPPING DEBTOR

SOMETIMES the retail merchant has to turn detective to locate debtors who have moved without paying their bills. For the benefit of retailers in such a position, the Alexander Hamilton Institute's *Retail Trade Bulletin* lists twenty ways to trace "skips," all submitted by a retail credit-manager who has used them successfully:

1. Interview a number of the neighbors, not just one or two;
2. Send a telegram to the debtor's last known address, and note the report made by the telegraph company;
3. Inquire at the nearest doctors, dentists, drug-stores, cobblers, and grocery stores;
4. Try the gas, electric, and telephone companies for change of address, credit records and references;
5. Find out if the debtor belonged to a lodge or club;
6. Investigate the State records of automobile owners' and drivers' licenses;
7. Endeavor to locate records of other property owned in the city;
8. Check the chattel mortgages recorded, and confer with other creditors;
9. Follow the clues presented by the movements of other members of the family;
10. Inquire at the nearest school regarding the children, if any, and their change of address;
11. Look through the general index of Justice Court suit instituted, and see the plaintiffs in any of these;
12. Secure former addresses from old directories and question those in the vicinity;
13. Interview the local postman and other postal authorities for possible forwarding addresses for mail;
14. Try to find what trucking company moved the furniture, and what its records show;
15. Make investigation at places where the debtor was formerly employed;
16. Inquire of railroads and other transportation companies;
17. Check any possible records at police station in the vicinity;
18. Inquire at the church to which the debtor's family belonged;
19. Try the expedient of sending a dummy express package, and watch the report made;
20. Secure all data available through the telephone company.

MEN . . . it's here!



LIFEBUOY
Shaving Cream

—its healing, double-dense lather ends tender*face*

MEN! Here's the shaving cream you've been waiting for.

Lifebuoy Shaving Cream! Its healing, soothing, double-dense lather holds its moisture and completely lubricates the skin—gives the smoothest, easiest, quickest shave ever.

Why complete lubrication is so important

Most shaving irritation is caused by friction—the rough scraping of the razor over the skin. End this friction by complete lubrication and you end *tender*face forever.

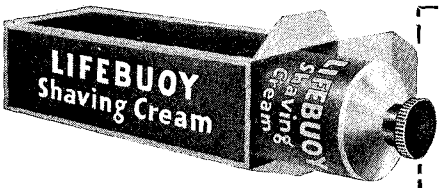
But ordinary lather cannot completely lubricate. It's too frothy—too bubbly. Lifebuoy Shaving Cream lather, however, is different. It is rich, creamy, double-dense. It crowds itself right into the pores—clings closely to the face—forms a perfectly lubricated shaving surface. No tugging. No pulling. No friction. You get a marvelously clean shave—yet the razor scarcely seems to touch your face.

Heals, soothes, protects

And that isn't all. Lifebuoy Shaving Cream gives the same antiseptic protection as the famed Lifebuoy Health Soap. Keeps the skin clear, smooth and healthy. Actually a shaving cream and face lotion in one.

Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's today. Compare it with the cream you have been using. Note the difference.

Or to try it FREE mail the coupon for 12 days of perfect shaving.



ends *tender*face

LEVER BROTHERS CO., DEPT. 173
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Please send me a 12-day "Show me" trial tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream.

Name..

Address..

City.............................State.........

THE · SPICE · OF · LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Triumph of Thrift.—"If you spend so much time at golf you won't have anything laid aside for a rainy day."

"Won't I? My desk is loaded up with work that I've put aside for a rainy day."—*Montreal Star.*

Burning Words.—Dr. Frank Vizetelly, lexicographer, is busy differing with Al Smith and Nathan Haskell Dole on the question of the proper pronunciation of the radio. There is a third party, consisting mainly of wives who believe that what their husbands call it when it's out of order is more improper than either of the others.—*Boston Herald.*

Double Extinguisher.—Jack—"What did the landlady do when she found that you had left the light burning for three days?"

Spratt—"She turned us both out."—*Vancouver Province.*

Excuse It, Please!—"Imagine my embarrassment," said Dumb Dora, "when, according to my custom, I looked under the bed before retiring. I had forgotten that I was in an upper berth."—*U. P. Magazine.*

Bad News for Satan.—The Vicar—"The collection this morning will be taken in aid of the Arch Fund and not as erroneously printed in the Parish Magazine in aid of the Arch Fiend."—*The Bystander (London).*

Too Much Temperament.—Mother—"Why did you strike your little sister?"

Young Bobby—"Well, we were playing Adam and Eve, and instead of tempting me with the apple, she ate it herself."—*Vancouver Province.*

Mere Lotus Eater.—"What do you do?"

"I keep house, scrub, scour, bake, wash dishes, cook, do the laundry, iron, sew."

And the census-taker listed her: "Housewife—no occupation."—*Boston Transcript.*

Life Sentence.—Klumseigh obtained a job as packer in a china warehouse. On the third day he smashed a big vase On pay-day he was called into the manager's office and was told that half his wages would be deducted each week until the vase was paid for.

"How much was the vase worth?" he asked anxiously.

"About $300," replied the manager.

"Hurrah!" shouted Klumseigh.

The manager stared. "Whatahell?"

"Well," said Klumseigh, "it looks as if I've got a steady job at last."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

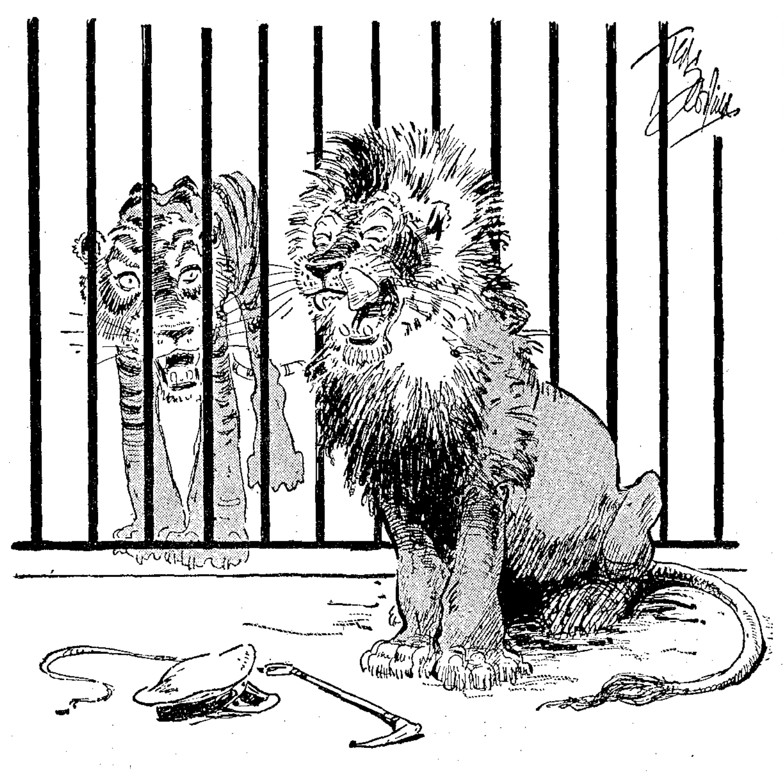
Filtering Out the Static.—"Say, Mom, was baby sent down from heaven?"

"Yes, son."

"I guess they like to have things quiet up there, huh, Mom!"—*Service Magazine.*

Choosing His Brand.—"To what do you attribute your great age?" asked the city visitor of Grandpa Eben Hoskins.

"I can't say yit," answered Grandpa cautiously. "They's several o' them testimonial fellers a-dickerin' with me."—*Border Cities Star.*



LEO'S DAY'S GOOD DEED

The Tiger: "You look happy this morning about something."
The Lion: "Yes, I've just put the new tamer in his place."

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Health Hint.—Old Hen—"Let me give you a piece of good advice."

Young Hen—"What is it?"

Old Hen—"An egg a day keeps the ax away."—*Capper's Weekly.*

The Needle, Watson!—Mother—"Tommy, the canary has disappeared."

Tommy—"That's funny. It was there just now when I tried to clean it with the vacuum-cleaner."—*Passing Show.*

Driving with a Loose Rein.—"I've decided on a name for the baby," said the young mother. "I shall call her Euphrosyne."

Her husband did not care for the selection, but being a tactful fellow, he was far too wise to declare his objection.

"Splendid," he said cheerfully. "The first girl I ever loved was called Euphrosyne, and the name will revive pleasant memories."

There was a brief period of silence, then: "We'll call her Elizabeth, after my mother," said the young wife firmly.—*Boston Transcript.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Why Worry?—Liberal reward for return of green monkey without tail.—*De Land (Fla.) Sun-News.*

Some Sale.—Lost—Pair of silk teds at McCelvey & Hartmann fire sale.—*Temple (Texas) Daily Telegram.*

Beginning Early.—The Rev. John McCaffrey, a Belfast Methodist minister, insists that all bridal couples in his church kill immediately after the ceremony.—*Washington Post.*

Impossible to Please Her.—M——ended his life after failing to effect a reconciliation with his second wife, fifty, whom he shot three times.—*Lexington Herald.*

Bring Your Chop-Sticks.—There is fine musician, dance also served real American dishes also some Chicken Chaw mein and Chop Chuy because we hire a famous Chinese Cook, for whom he came from the United States it will serve every evening from five thirty to Midnight.—*Ad in a Managua (Nicaragua) paper.*

Better Unstandardized.—It all comes about through the recent announcement from the United States Bureau of Standards that thirty-four and not thirty-six is the much-desired measurement for a woman's waist. Miss T—— not only measured thirty-four at the waist, but with a twenty-seven at the hips, registered what the Bureau of Standards sets as perfect.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Evening News.*

"Touch" Is Their Long Suit.—Braille, the system of embossed writing which enables the blond to read by touch.—*Alexandria (La.) Daily Town Talk.*

Food for He-Men.—

PORK CHOPS
Cut From Small Lean Lions

—*Ad from a Knoxville (Tenn.) market handbill.*

Diluted Solitude.—

Desperadoes, Shackled Hand and Foot,
Thrown into Solitary Confinement with Nine Others.

—*Wheeling (W. Va.) Register.*

No Names Mentioned.—The pastor reports 26 funerals, 17 weddings, and 9 baptisms during the year just ended. The year has been a good one, with many causes for rejoicing. — *Alameda church bulletin.*